ESOP;

A

COMEDY;

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*

2 parts in 1

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

TO ſpeak for a play, if it can't ſpeak for itſelf is vain; and if it can, 'tis needleſs. For one of theſe Reaſons (I can't yet tell which, for 'tis now but the ſecond Day of acting) I reſolve to ſay nothing for *Eſop*, tho I know he'd be glad of help; for let the beſt happen that can, his Journy's up Hill, with a dead *Engliſh* weight at the Tail of him.

At *Paris* indeed he ſcrambled up ſomething faſter (for 'twas up Hill there too) than I'm afraid he will do here: The *French* having more Mercury in their Heads, and leſs Beef and Pudding in their Bellies. Our Solidity may ſet hard, what their Folly makes eaſy: for Fools I own they are, you know we have found them ſo in the Conduct of the War; I wiſh we may do ſo in the Management of the Peace: but that's neither *Eſop*'s Buſineſs, nor mine.

This Play, Gentlemen (or one not much unlike it) was writ in *French* about ſix Years ſince by one Monſieur *Bourſaut*; 'twas play'd at *Paris* by the *French* Comedians, and this was its Fate:

The firſt Day it appear'd, 'twas routed (People ſeldom being fond of what they don't underſtand, their own ſweet Perſons excepted.) The ſecond (by the help of

ſome bold Knight-Errants) it rally'd; the third it advanc'd; the fourth it gave a vigorous Attack; and the fifth put all the Feathers in Town to the ſcamper, purſuing them on to the fourteenth, and then they cry'd out Quarter.

'Tis not reaſonable to expect *Eſop* ſhould gain ſo great a Victory here, ſince 'tis poſſible by fooling with his Sword, I may have turn'd the Edge on't. For I confeſs in the Tranſlation I have not at all ſtuck to the Original; nay, I have gone farther, I have wholly added the fifth Act, and crowded a Country Gentleman into the fourth, for which I ask Monſieur *Bourſaut*'s pardon with all my heart, but doubt I never ſhall obtain it for bringing him into ſuch Company. Tho after all, had I been ſo complaiſant to have waited on his Play word for word, 'tis poſſible even that might not have enſur'd the Succeſs of it: For tho it ſwam in *France*, it might have ſunk in *England*: Their Country abounds in Cork, ours in Lead.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

GAllants we never yet produc'd a Play
With greater Fears than this we act to-day;
Barren of all the Graces of the Stage,
Barren of all that entertains this Age.
No Hero, no Romance, no Plot, no Show,
No Rape, no Bawdy, no Intrigue, no Beau:
There's nothing in't with which we uſe to pleaſe ye;
With downright dull Inſtruction w'are to teaze ye:
The Stage turns Pulpit, and the World's ſo fickle,
The Play-Houſe in a Whim turns Conventicle.
But Preaching here muſt prove a hungry Trade,
The Patentees will find ſo, I'm afraid:
For tho with Heavenly Zeal you all abound,
As by your Lives and Morals may be found;
Tho every Female here o'erflows with Grace,
And chaſte Diana's *written in her Face;*
Tho Maids renounce the Sweets of Fornication,
And one lewd Wife's not left in all the Nation;
Tho Men grow true, and the foul Fiend defy;
Tho Tradeſmen cheat no more, nor Lawyers lye;
Tho not one Spot be found on Levi's *Tribe,*
Nor one ſoft Courtier that will touch a Bribe;
Yet in the midſt of ſuch religious Days,
Sermons have never borne the Price of Plays.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Eſop.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Learchus, Governor of *Syzicus.*	Mr. *Dogget.*
Oronces, in love with *Euphronia.*	Mr. *Harland.*

WOMEN.

Euphronia, Daughter to *Learchus*, in love with *Oronces.*	Mrs. *Temple.*
Doris, her Nurſe.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*

People who come to *Eſop*, upon ſeveral Occaſions, independent one of another.

Two Country Tradeſmen.	Mr. *Pinkethman*, and Mr. *Smeton.*
Roger, a Country Bumpkin.	Mr. *Haynes.*
Quaint, a Herald.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Fruitful, an Inn-keeper.	Mr. *Smeton.*
A Country Gentleman.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
A Prieſt, Muſicians, *&c.*	
Hortenſia, an affected learned Lady.	Mrs. *Kent.*
Aminta, a lewd Mother.	Mrs. *Willis.*
Forge-Will, a Scrivener's Widow.	Mrs. *Finch.*
Fruitful, Wife to the Inn-keeper.	Mrs. *Powell.*

ESOP.

E S O P.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Learchus's Houſe.

Enter Learchus, Euphronia, *and* Doris.

Lear. AT length I am bleſt with the ſight of the World's Wonder, the Delight of Mankind, the incomparable *Eſop.* You had time to obſerve him laſt Night, Daughter, as he ſat at Supper with me. Tell me how you like him, Child; is he not a charming Perſon?

Euph. Charming!

Lear. What ſay'ſt thee to him, *Doris?* Thou art a good Judge, a Wench of a nice Palate.

Dor. You wou'd not have me flatter, Sir?

Lear. No, ſpeak thy thoughts boldly.

Dor. Boldly, you ſay?

Lear. Boldly, I ſay.

Dor. Why then, Sir, my Opinion of the Gentleman is, that he's uglier than an old Beau.

Lear. How! Impudence.

Dor. Nay, if you are angry, Sir, ſecond Thoughts are beſt; he's as a proper as a Pike-man, holds up his Head like a Dancing-Maſter, has the Shape of a Barb, the Face of an Angel, the Voice of a Cherubim, the Smell of a Civet-Cat———

Lear. In ſhort, thou art Fool enough not to be pleas'd with him.

Dor. Excuſe me for that, Sir I have Wit enough to make myſelf merry with him———

Lear. If his Body's deform'd, his Soul is beautiful: Wou'd to kind Heaven, as he is, my Daughter cou'd but find the means to pleaſe him.

Euph. To what end, dear Father?

Lear. That he might be your Husband, dear Daughter.

Euph. My Husband? Shield me kind Heaven——

Dor. Pſha! he has a mind to make us laugh, that's all.

Lear. Eſop then is not worth her Care, in thy Opinion.

Dor. Why truly, Sir, I'm always for making ſuitable Matches, and don't much approve of breeding Monſters. I wou'd have nothing marry a Baboon, but what has been got by a Monkey.

Lear. How dar'ſt thou liken ſo incomparably a Man to ſo contemptible a Beaſt?

Dor. Ah, the Inconſtancy of this World! Out of ſight, out of mind. Your little Monkey is ſcarce cold in his Grave, and you have already forgot what you us'd ſo much to admire: Do but call him to remembrance, Sir, in his red Coat, new Gloves, little Hat, and clean Linen; then diſcharge your Conſcience, utter the Truth from your Heart, and tell us whether he was not the prettier Gentleman of the two——By my Virginity, Sir (tho that's but a ſlippery Oath, you'll ſay) had they made love to me together, *Eſop* ſhould have worn the Willow.

Lear. Since nothing but an Animal will pleaſe thee, 'tis pity my Monkey had not that Virginity thou haſt ſworn by. But I, whom Wiſdom charms, even in the homelieſt

homelieſt Dreſs, can never think the much-deſerving *Eſop* unworthy of my Daughter.

Dor. Now, in the name of Wonder, what is't you ſo admire in him?

Lear. Hark, and thou ſhalt know; but you, *Euphronia*, Be you more eſpecially attentive.
'Tis true he's plain; but that's, my Girl, a Trifle.
All manly Beauty's ſeated in the Soul;
And that of *Eſop*, Envy's ſelf muſt own
Outſhines whate'er the World has yet produc'd:
Cræſus, the proſperous Favourite of Heaven;
Cræſus, the happieſt Potentate on Earth;
Whoſe Treaſure (tho immenſe) is the leaſt part
Of what he holds from Providence's Care,
Leans on his Shoulder as his grand Support,
Admires his Wiſdom, doats upon his Truth,
And makes him Pilot to Imperial Sway.
But in this elevated Poſt of Power,
What's his Employ? Where does he point his Thoughts?
To live in Splendour, Luxury, and Eaſe,
Do endleſs Miſchiefs, by neglecting Good,
And build his Family on others Ruins?
No:
He ſerves the Prince, and ſerves the People too;
Is uſeful to the Rich, and helps the Poor;
There's nothing ſtands neglected, but himſelf.
With conſtant Pain, and yet with conſtant Joy,
From place to place throughout the Realm he goes,
With uſeful Leſſons, form'd to every Rank:
The People learn Obedience from his Tongue,
The Magiſtrate is guided in Command,
The Prince is minded of a Father's Care;
The Subject's taught the Duty of a Child.
And as 'tis dangerous to be bold with Truth,
He often calls for Fable to his Aid,
Where under abject Names of Beaſts and Birds,
Virtue ſhines out, and Vice is cloth'd in Shame.
And thus by inoffenſive Wiſdom's Force,
He conquers Folly whereſoe'er he moves:
This is his Portraiture.

Dor. A very good Picture of a very ill Face!

Lear. Well, Daughter; what, not a word? Is it poſſible any thing that I am Father of can be untouch'd with ſo much Merit?

Euph. My Duty may make all things poſſible: But *Eſop* is ſo ugly, Sir.

Lear. His Soul has ſo much Beauty in't, your Reaſon ought to blind your Eyes: Beſides, my Intereſt is concern'd; his Power alarms me. I know throughout the Kingdom he's the Scourge of evil Magiſtrates, turns out Governors when they turn Tyrants; breaks Officers for falſe Muſters; excludes Judges from giving Sentence, when they have been abſent during the Trial; hangs Lawyers when they take Fees on both ſides; forbids Phyſicians to take Money of thoſe they don't cure. 'Tis true, my Innocence ought to baniſh my Fears: But my Government, Child, is too delicious a Morſel, not to ſet many a frail mouth a watering: Who knows what Accuſations Envy may produce? But all wou'd be ſecure, if thou could'ſt touch the Heart of *Eſop*. Let me blow up thy Ambition, Girl; the fire of that will make thy Eyes ſparkle at him. [*She ſighs.*

——What's that Sigh for now? Ha!

A young Husband, by my Conſcience: Ah Daughter, had'ſt thou a young Husband, he'd make thee ſigh indeed. I'll tell thee what he's compos'd of. He's has a Wig full of Pulvilio, a Pocket full of Dice, a Heart full of Treaſon, a Mouth full of Lyes, a Belly full of Drink, a Carcaſs full of Plaiſters, a Tail full of Pox, and a Head full of——nothing. There's his Picture; wear it at thy Heart if thou can'ſt. But here comes one of greater Worth.

Enter Eſop.

Lear. Good morning to my noble Lord; your Excellency——

Eſop. Softly, good Governor: I'm a poor Wanderer from place to place; too weak to train the weight of Grandeur with me! The name of Excellency's not for me.

Lear. My noble Lord, 'tis due to your Imploy; your Predeceſſors all—— *Eſop.*

Eſop. My Predeceſſors all deſerv'd it, Sir, they were great Men in Wiſdom, Birth, and Service; whilſt I, a poor, unknown, decrepit Wretch, mounted aloft for Fortune's Paſtime, expect each moment to conclude the Farce, by ſinking to the Mud from whence I ſprung.

Lear. Great *Cræſus*'s Gratitude will ſtill ſupport you; his Coffers all are open to your Will, your future Fortune's wholly in your power.

Eſop. But 'tis a Power that I ſhall ne'er employ.

Lear. Why ſo, my Lord?

Eſop. I'll tell you, Sir.

A hungry Goat, who had not eat
Some Nights and Days——(for want of Meat)
Was kindly brought at laſt,
By Providence's Care,
To better Cheer,
After a more than penitential Faſt.

He found a Barn well ſtor'd with Grain,
To enter in requir'd ſome Pain;
But a delicious Bait
Makes the way eaſy, tho the Paſs is ſtrait.

Our Gueſt obſerving various Meats,
He put on a good modiſh Face,
He takes his Place,
He ne'er ſays Grace,
But where he likes, he there falls to and eats.

At length with jaded Teeth and Jaws,
He made a Pauſe,
And finding ſtill ſome room,
Fell to as he had done before,
For time to come laid in his Store;
And when his Guts cou'd hold no more,
He thought of going home.

But here he met the Glutton's Curſe;
He found his Belly grown ſo great,
'Twas vain to think of a Retreat,
Till he had render'd all he'ad eat,
And well he far'd no worſe.

To the Application, Governor.

Lear. 'Tis eaſy to be made, my Lord.

Eſop. I'm glad on't. Truth can never be too clear. [*Seeing* Euph.] Is this young Damſel your fair Daughter, Sir?

Lear. 'Tis my Daughter, my good Lord: Fair too, if ſhe appears ſuch in the Eyes of the unerring *Eſop*.

Eſop *going up to ſalute her.*] I never ſaw ſo beautiful a Creature.

Lear. aſide.] Now's the time; kiſs, ſoft Girl, and fire him.

Eſop gazing at her.] How partial's Nature 'twixt her Form and mine!

Lear. aſide.] Look, look, look, how he gazes at her! ——*Cupid's* hard at work, I ſee that already. Slap; there he hits him—if the Wench would but do her part. But ſee, ſee, how the perverſe young Baggage ſtands biting her Thumbs, and won't give him one kind Glance——Ah the ſullen Jade! Had it been a handſome ſtrong Dog of five and twenty, ſhe'd a fall'n a coquetting on't, with every Inch about her. But may be it's I that ſpoil Sport, I'll make a pretence to leave them together. Will your Lordſhip pleaſe to drink any Coffee this Morning?

Eſop. With all my heart, Governor.

Lear. Your Lordſhip will give me leave to go and order it myſelf; for unleſs I am by, 'tis never perfect.

Eſop. Provided you leave me this fair Maid in Hoſtage for your Return, I conſent.

Lear. My good Lord does my Daughter too much Honour.

Ah that the Wench wou'd but do her part (*Aſide, going off.*

——Hark you, Huſſy——

[*Turning back to* Euphronia *aſide.*

——You can give yourſelf Airs ſometimes, you know you can. Do you remember what work you made with yourſelf at Church t'other day? Play your Tricks over again once more for my pleaſure, and let me have a good account of this Stateſman, or, d'ye hear?——You ſhall die a Maid; go chew upon that; go. [*Exit* Lear.

Eſop.

Eſop. Here I am left, fair Damſel, too much expos'd to your Charms, not to fall your Victim.

Euph. Your Fall will then be due to your own Weakneſs, Sir; for Heaven's my Witneſs, I neither endeavour nor wiſh to wound you.

Eſop. I underſtand you, Lady; your Heart's already diſpos'd of, 'tis ſeldom otherways at your Age.

Euph. My Heart diſpos'd of!

Dor. Nay, never mince the matter, Madam. The Gentleman looks like a civil Gentleman, e'en confeſs the Truth to him: He has a good Intereſt with your Father, and no doubt will employ it to break the Heatheniſh Match he propoſes to you.

To Eſop. Yes, Sir, my young Lady has been in love theſe two years, and that with as pretty a Fellow as ever entred a Virgin's Heart; tall, ſtrait, young, vigorous, good Clothes, long Perriwig, clean Linen; in brief, he has every thing that's neceſſary to ſet a young Lady a longing, and to ſtay it when he has done: But her Father, whoſe Ambition makes him turn Fool in his old Age, comes with a back Stroke upon us, and ſpoils all our Sport. Wou'd you believe it, Sir! He has propos'd to her to-day the moſt confounded ugly Fellow: Look, if the very Thoughts of him don't ſet the poor thing a crying? And you, Sir, have ſo much power with the old Gentleman, that one word from you would ſet us all right again. If he will have her a Wife, in the name of *Venus* let him provide her a handſome Husband, and not throw her into the Paws of a thing that Nature in a merry Humour has made half Man, half Monkey.

Eſop. Pray what's this Monſter's Name, Lady?

Euph. No matter for his Name, Sir, my Father will know who you mean at firſt word.

Eſop. But you ſhou'd not always chuſe by the Outſide alone; believe me, fair Damſel, a fine Perriwig keeps many a Fool's Head fram the Weather: have a care of your young Gallant.

Dor. There's no Danger, I have examin'd him; his Inſide's as good as his out; I ſay he has Wit, and I think I know.

Euph.

Euph. Nay, ſhe ſays true; he's even a Miracle of Wit and Beauty: Did you but ſee him, you'd be your-ſelf my Rival.

Eſop. Then you are reſolv'd againſt the Monſter.

Dor. Fy, Sir, fy, I wonder you'll put her in mind of that foul frightful thing: We ſhall have her dream of nothing all night but Bats and Owls, and Toads and Hedg-hogs, and then we ſhall have ſuch a ſqueaking and ſqualling with her, the whole Houſe will be in an Uproar: Therefore, pray Sir, name him no more, but uſe your Intereſt with her Father that ſhe may never hear of him again.

Eſop. But if I ſhould be ſo generous to ſave you from the old Gallant, what ſhall I ſay for your young one?

Euph. O, Sir, you may venture to enlarge upon his Perfections; you need not fear ſaying too much in his Praiſe.

Dor. And pray, Sir, be as copious upon the Defects of t'other; you need not fear out-running the Text there neither, ſay the worſt you can.

Euph. You may ſay the firſt is the moſt graceful Man that *Aſia* ever brought forth.

Dor. And you may ſay the latter is the moſt deform'd Monſter that Copulation ever produc'd.

Euph. Tell him that *Oronces* (for that is his dear Name) has all the Virtues that compoſe a perfect Hero.

Dor. And tell him that *Pigmy* has all the Vices that go to equip an Attorney.

Euph. That to one I could be true to the laſt moment of my Life.

Dor. That for t'other ſhe'd cuckold him the very day of her Marriage.

This, Sir, in few words, is the Theme you are deſir'd to preach upon.

Eſop. I never yet had one that furniſh'd me with more matter.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there's a Lady below deſires to ſpeak with your Honour.

Eſop. What Lady?

Ser.

Ser. It's my Lady——my Lady——[*To* Doris.] The Lady there, the wiſe Lady, the great Scholar, that no body can underſtand.

Dor. O ho, is it ſhe? Pray let's withdraw, and oblige her, Madam; ſhe's ready to ſwoon at the inſipid ſight of one of her own Sex.

Euph. You'll excuſe us, Sir, we leave you to wiſer Company. [*Exeunt* Euph. *and* Dor.

Enter Hortenſia.

Hort. The Deeſs, who from *Atropos*'s Breaſt preſerves the Names of Heroes and their Actions, proclaims your Fame throughout this mighty Orb, and——

Eſop. aſide.) Shield me, my Stars! what have you ſent me here? For pity's ſake, good Lady, be more humane: My Capacity is too heavy to mount to your Stile: If you wou'd have me know what you mean, pleaſe, to come down to my Underſtanding.

Hort. I've ſomething in my Nature ſoars too-high
For vulgar Flight, I own;
But *Eſop*'s Sphere muſt needs be within Call;
Eſop and I may ſure converſe together:
I know he's modeſt, but I likewiſe know
His Intellects are categorical.

Eſop. Now, by my Faith, Lady, I don't know what *Intellect* is; and methinks *categorical* ſounds as if you call'd me Names. Pray ſpeak that you may be underſtood; Language was deſign'd for it, indeed it was.

Hort. Of vulgar Things, in vulgar Phraſe we talk;
But when of *Eſop* we muſt ſpeak,
The Theme's too lofty for an humble Stile:
Eſop is ſure no common Character.

Eſop. No, truly, I am ſomething particular. Yet, if I am not miſtaken, what I have extraordinary about me, may be deſcrib'd in very homely Language, Here was a young Gentlewoman but juſt now pencil'd me out to a hair, I thought, and yet I vow to God the learned'ſt word I heard her make uſe of, was Monſter.

Hort. That was a Woman, Sir, a very Woman; her Cogitations all were on the outward Man:
But I ſtrike deeper, 'tis the Mind I View.

The

The Soul's the worthy Object of my Care;
The Soul, that Sample of Divinity, that glorious
Ray of Heavenly Light. The Soul, that aweful
Throne of Thought, that ſacred Seat of Contemplation,
The Soul, that noble Source of Wiſdom,
That Fountain of Comfort,
That Spring of Joy, that happy Token of eternal
Life; the Soul, that———

Eſop. Pray, Lady, are you married?

Hort. Why that Queſtion, Sir?

Eſop. Only that I might wait upon your Husband to wiſh him Joy.

Hort. When People of my Compoſition would marry, they firſt find ſomething of their own Species to join with; I never could reſolve to take a thing of common Fabrick to my Bed, leſt when his brutiſh Inclinations prompt him, he ſhou'd make me Mother to a Form like his own.

Eſop. Methinks a Lady ſo extremely nice, ſhould be much at a loſs who to converſe with.

Hort. I keep my Chamber, and converſe with myſelf; 'tis better being alone, than to miſ-ally one's Converſation:
Men are ſcandalous, and Women are inſipid,
Diſcourſe without Figure makes me ſick at my Soul:
O the Charms of a Metaphor!
What Harmony there is in the words of Erudition;
The Muſick of them is inimaginable.

Eſop. Will you hear a Fable, Lady?

Hort. Willingly, Sir, the Apologue pleaſes me when the Application of it is juſt.

Eſop. It is, I'll anſwer for it.

Once on a time, a Nightingale
To Changes prone;
Unconſtant, fickle, whimſical,
(A Female one)
Who ſung like others of her kind,
Hearing a well-taught Linnet's Airs,
Had other matters in her mind,

To

To imitate him ſhe prepares,
Her Fancy ſtrait was on the Wing:
I fly, quoth ſhe,
As well as he;
I don't know why
I ſhou'd not try
As well as he to ſing.
From that day forth ſhe chang'd her Note,
She ſpoil'd her Voice, ſhe ſtrain'd her Throat:
She did, as learned Women do,
Till every thing
That heard her ſing,
Wou'd run away from her——as I from you.

[*Exit* Eſop *running.*

Hortenſia *ſola.*

How groſly does this poor World ſuffer itſelf to be impos'd upon?——*Eſop*, a Man of Senſe——Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Alas, poor Wretch: I ſhou'd not have known him but by his Deformity, his Soul's as nauſeous to my Underſtanding, as his odious Body to my Senſe of Feeling. Well,

'Mongſt all the Wits that are allow'd to ſhine,
Methinks there's nothing yet approaches mine:
Sure I was ſent the homely Age t'adorn;
What Star, I know not, rul'd when I was born,
But every thing, beſides my ſelf's my Scorn.

[Exit.

ACT II.

Enter Euphronia *and* Doris.

Dor. WHat in the name of *Jove*'s the matter with you?
Speak, for Heaven's ſake.

Euph. Oh! what ſhall I do? *Doris*, I'm undone.

Dor.

Dor. What raviſh'd?

Euph. No, ten times worſe! Ten times worſe! Unlace me, or I ſhall ſwoon.

Dor. Unlace you? Why you are not thereabouts, I hope?

Euph. No, no; worſe ſtill; worſe than all that.

Dor. Nay, then it's bad indeed. [Dor. *unlaces her.* There: How d'ye do now.

Euph. So; it's going over.

Dor. Courage, pluck up your Spirits: Well; now what's the matter?

Euph. The matter! Thou ſha't hear. Know that — that Cheat——*Eſop*——

Dor. Like enough; ſpeak: What has he done? That ugly ill-boding Cyclops.

Euph. Why inſtead of keeping his Promiſe, and ſpeaking for *Oronces*; he has not ſaid one word, but what has been for himſelf. And by my Father's Order, before to-morrow Noon he's to marry me.

Dor. He marry you!——

Euph. Am I in the wrong to be in this deſpair? Tell me, *Doris*, if I am to blame?

Dor. To blame! No, by my troth. That ugly, old, treacherous piece of Vermin: That melancholy Mixture of Impotence and Deſire: does his Mouth ſtand to a young Partridge: Ah the old Goat. And your Father! He downright doats at laſt then.

Euph. Ah, *Doris*; what a Husband does he give me? And what a Lover does he rob me of? Thou know'ſt 'em both; think of *Oronces*, and think of *Eſop*.

Dor. Spitting.] A foul Monſter. And yet now I think on't, I'm almoſt as angry at t'other too: Methinks he makes but a ſlow Voyage on't for a Man in Love: 'tis now above two Months ſince he went to *Lesbos*, to pack up the old Bones of his dead Father; ſure he might have made a little more haſte.

Enter Oronces.

Euph. Oh! my Heart; what do I ſee?

Dor. Talk of the Devil, and he's at your Elbow.

Or. My dear Soul.

[Euph. *runs and leaps about his Neck.*

Euph. Why wou'd you ſtay ſo long from me?

Or. 'Twas not my Fault indeed; the Winds——

Dor. The Winds! Will the Winds blow you your Miſtreſs again? We have had Winds too, and Waves into the bargain, Storms and Tempeſts, Sea-Monſters, and the Devil and all. She ſtruggled as long as ſhe cou'd, but a Woman can do no more than ſhe can do; when her Breath was gone, down ſhe ſunk.

Or. What's the meaning of all this?

Dor. There's meaning and mumping too: Your Miſtreſs is married; that's all.

Or. Death and Furies——

Euph. clinging about him.] Don't you frighten him too much neither, *Doris.*

No, my Dear, I'm not yet executed, tho I'm condemn'd.

Or. Condemn'd? To what? Speak! Quick!

Dor. To be married.

Or. Married? When? How? Where? To what? To whom?

Dor. Eſop, Eſop, Eſop, Eſop, Eſop.

Or. Fiends and Spectres! What! That piece of Deformity! That Monſter! That Crump!

Dor. The ſame, Sir, the ſame. I find he knows him.
You might have come home ſooner.

Or. Dear *Euphronia*, eaſe me from my pain. Swear that you neither have, nor will conſent.
I know this comes from your ambitious Father;
But you're too generous, too true to leave me:
Millions of Kingdoms ne'er wou'd ſhake my Faith,
And I believe your Conſtancy as firm.

Euph. You do me Juſtice, you ſhall find you do: For Racks and Tortures, Crowns, and Scepters join'd, ſhall neither fright me from my Truth, nor tempt me to be falſe. On this you may depend.

Dor. Wou'd to the Lord you wou'd find ſome other place to make your fine Speeches in. Don't you know that

that your dear Friend *Eſop*'s coming to receive his Viſits here?

In this great downy Chair, your pretty little Husband Elect is to ſit and hear all the Complaints of the Town: One of Wiſdom's chief Recompences, being to be conſtantly troubled with the buſineſs of Fools.

Pray, Madam, will you take the Gentleman by the Hand, and lead him into your Chamber; and when you are there, don't lie whining, and crying, and ſighing, and wiſhing ——

Aſide.] If he had not been more modeſt than wiſe, he might have ſet ſuch a mark upon the Goods before now, that ne'er a Merchant of 'em all wou'd have bought 'em out of his hands. But young Fellows are always in the wrong: Either ſo impudent they are nauſeous, or ſo modeſt they are uſeleſs.

Go, pray get you gone together.

Euph. But if my Father catch us, we are ruin'd.

Dor. By my Conſcience this Love will make us all turn Fools. Before your Father can open the Door, can't he ſlip down the Back-ſtairs? I'm ſure he may, if you don't hold him; but that's the old Trade. Ah—— Well, get you gone however——Hark——I hear the old Baboon cough; away!

[*Exit* Or. *and* Euph. *running.*

Here he comes with his ugly Beak before him. Ah—— a luſcious Bedfellow, by my troth!

Enter Learchus *and* Eſop.

Lear, Well, *Doris*; what news from my Daughter? Is ſhe prudent?

Dor. Yes, very prudent.

Lear. What ſays ſhe? What does ſhe do?

Dor. Do? What ſhou'd ſhe do? Tears her Cornet; bites her Thumbs; throws her Fan in the Fire; thinks it's dark Night at Noon-day; dreams of Monſters and Hobgoblins; raves in her Sleep of forc'd Marriage and Cuckoldom: Cries, *Avaunt* Deformity; then wakens a ſudden, with fifty Arguments at her Fingers ends, to prove the Lawfulneſs of Rebellion in a Child, when a Parent turns Tyrant.

Lear.

Lear. Very fine! but all this ſhan't ſerve her turn. I have ſaid the word, and will be obey'd———— My Lord does her honour.

Dor. Aſide.] Yes, and that's all he can do to her.

To Lear.] But I can't blame the Gentleman after all; he loves my Miſtreſs, becauſe ſhe's handſome; and ſhe hates him, becauſe he's ugly.
I never ſaw two People more in the right in my Life.

To Eſop.] You'll pardon me, Sir, I'm ſomewhat free.

Eſop. Why, a Ceremony wou'd but take up time. But, Governour, methinks I have an admirable Advocate about your Daughter.

Lear. Out of the Room, Impudence: be gone, I ſay.

Dor. So I will: But you'll be as much in the wrong when I'm gone, as when I'm here. And your Conſcience, I hope, will talk as pertly to you as I can do.

Eſop. If ſhe treats me thus before my Face, I may conclude I'm finely handled behind my Back.

Dor. I ſay the Truth here; and I can ſay no worſe any where. [*Exit* Doris.

Lear. I hope your Lordſhip won't be concern'd at what this pratling Wench bleats out; my Daughter will be govern'd, ſhe's bred up to Obedience. There may be ſome ſmall difficulty in weaning her from her young Lover: But 'twon't be the firſt time ſhe has been wean'd from a Breaſt, my Lord.

Eſop. Does ſhe love him fondly, Sir?

Lear. Fooliſhly, my Lord.

Eſop. And he her?

Lear. The ſame.

Eſop. Is he young?

Lear. Yes, and vigorous.

Eſop. Rich?

Lear. So, ſo.

Eſop. Well-born?

Lear. He has good Blood in his Veins.

Eſop. Has he Wit?

Lear. He had, before he was in love.

Eſop. And handſome with all this?

Lear. Or elſe we ſhou'd not have half ſo much trouble with him.

Eſop. Why do you then make her quit him for me? All the World knows I am neither young, noble, nor rich: And as for my Beauty——Look you, Governour, I'm honeſt. But when Children cry, they tell 'em, *Eſop*'s a coming. Pray, Sir, what is it makes you ſo earneſt to force your Daughter?

Lear. Am I then to count for nothing the favour you are in at Court? Father-in-law to the Great *Eſop!* What may not I aſpire to? My fooliſh Daughter perhaps mayn't be ſo well pleas'd with't, but we wiſe Parents uſually weigh our Children's Happineſs in the Scale of our own Inclinations.

Eſop. Well, Governour, let it be your Care then to make her conſent.

Lear. This moment, my Lord, I reduce her either to Obedience, or to Duſt and Aſhes. [*Exit* Lear.

Eſop. Adieu. Now let in the People
Who come for Audience.

[Eſop *ſits in his Chair, reading of Papers.*
Enter two ordinary Tradeſmen.

1 *Tra.* There he is, Neighbour: Do but look at him.

2 *Tra.* Ay; One may know him: He's well mark't.
But dos't hear me? What Title muſt we give him? for if we fail in that point, d'ye ſee me, we ſhall never get our buſineſs done. Courtiers love Titles almoſt as well as they do Money, and that's a bold word now.

1 *Tra.* Why I think we had beſt call him, his Grandeur.

2 *Tra.* That will do; thou haſt hit on't. Hold ſtill, let me ſpeak. May it pleaſe your Grandeur——

Eſop. There I interrupt you, Friend, I have a weak Body that will ne'er be able to bear that Title.

2 *Tra.* D'ye hear that, Neighbour? What ſhall we call him now?

1 *Tra.* Why, call him, call him, his Excellency: Try what that will do.

2 *Tra.*

2 *Tra.* May it pleaſe your Excellency——

Eſop. Excellency's a long word, it takes up too much time in buſineſs: Tell me what you'd have in few words.

2 *Tra.* Neighbour, this Man will never give
Ten thouſand Pounds to be made a Lord.
But what ſhall I ſay to him now?
He puts me quite out of my play.

1 *Tra.* Why e'en talk to him as we do to one another.

2 *Tra.* Shall I? Why ſo I will then. Hem! Neighbour;
We want a new Governour, Neighbour.

Eſop. A new Governour, Friend?

2 *Tra.* Ay, Friend.

Eſop. Why what's the matter with your old one?

2 *Tra.* What's the matter!
Why he grows rich; that's the matter:
And he that's rich, can't be innocent; that's all.

Eſop. Does he uſe any of you harſhly?
Or puniſh you without a fault?

2 *Tra.* No, but he grows as rich as a Miſer;
His Purſe is ſo cramb'd, it's ready to burſt again.

Eſop. When 'tis full 'twill hold no more;
A new Governor will have an empty one.

2 *Tra.* 'Fore Gad, Neighbour, the little Gentleman's in the right on't.

1 *Tra.* Why truly I don't know but he may:
For now it comes in my Head,
It coſt me more Money to fat my Hog,
Than to keep him fat when he was ſo.
Prithee tell him we'll keep our old Governour.

2 *Tra.* I'll do't. Why, look you, Sir, d'ye ſee me;
Having ſeriouſly conſider'd of the matter,
My Neighbour *Hobſon*, and I here, we are content to jog on a little longer with him we have: But if you'd do us another Courteſy, you might.

Eſop. What's that, Friend?

2 *Tra.* Why that's this: Our King *Cræſus* is a very good Prince, as a Man may ſay: But——a——but——Taxes are high, an't pleaſe you; and——a——poor Men want Money, d'ye ſee me! It's very hard, as we think, that the Poor ſhou'd work to maintain the Rich. If there were no Taxes, we ſhou'd do pretty well.

1 *Tra.* Taxes indeed are very burdenſome.

Eſop. I'll tell you a Story, Countrymen.

Once on a time, the Hands and Feet,
As Mutineers, grew mighty great;
They met, caball'd, and talk't of Treaſon,
They ſwore by Jove *they knew no Reaſon*
The Belly ſhou'd have all the Meat,
It was a damn'd notorious Cheat, (eat.
They did the Work, and—Death and Hell, they'd

The Belly who ador'd good Chear,
Had like t'have dy'd away for fear:
Quoth he, good Folks, you little know
What 'tis you are about to do;
If I am ſtarv'd, what will become of you?

We neither know nor care, cry'd they,
But this we will be bold to ſay,
We'll ſee you damn'd
Before we'll work,
And you receive the Pay.

With that the Hands to Pocket went
Full Wriſt-band deep,
The Legs and Feet fell faſt aſleep:
Their Liberty they had redeem'd,
And all except the Belly ſeem'd
Extremely well content.

But mark what follow'd; 'twas not long
Before the right became the wrong,
The Mutineers were grown ſo weak,
They found 'twas more than time to ſqueak:
They call for Work, but 'twas too late.

The Stomach (like an aged Maid,
Shrunk up, for want of human Aid)
The common Debt of Nature paid,
And with its Deſtiny entrain'd their Fate.

Eſop. What think you of this ſtory, Friends, ha? Come, you look like wiſe Men; I'm ſure you underſtand what's for your good; in giving part of what you have, you ſecure all the reſt: If the King had no Money, there cou'd be no Army; and if there were no Army, your Enemies wou'd be amongſt you: One da'ys Pillage wou'd be worſe than twenty Years Taxes! What ſay you; Is not ſo?

2 *Tra.* By my troth I think he's in the right on't again. Who'd think that little Hump-back of his Shou'd have ſo much Brains in't. Neighbour?

Eſop. Well, honeſt Men, is there any thing elſe that I can ſerve you in?

1 *Tra.* D'ye hear that, *Humphry?* —Why that was civil now.
But Courtiers ſeldom want Good-breeding;
Let's give the Devil his due.
Why, to tell you the truth, honeſt Gentlemen, we had a whole Budget full of Grievances to complain of. But I think—a—Ha, Neighbour?
We had e'en as good let 'em alone.

1 *Tra.* Why good feath I think ſo too, for by all I can ſee, we are like to make no great hond on't. Beſides, between thee and me, I begin to daubt, whether aur Grievances do us ſuch a plaguy deal of Miſchief as we fancy.

2 *Tra.* Or put Caſe they did, *Humphry*; I'ſe afraid, he that goes to a Courtier, in hope to get fairly rid of 'em, may be ſaid, (in aur Country Dialect) to take the wrong Sow by the Ear. But here's Neighbour *Roger*, he's a Wit, let's leave him to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, *a Country Bumpkin, looks ſeriouſly upon* Eſop; *then burſts out a laughing.*

Rog. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha: Did ever Mon behold the like?

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Eſop. Haſt thou any buſineſs with me, Friend?

Rog. Yes, by my troth, have I;
But if *Roger* were to be hang'd up for't,
Look you now, he could not hold laughing:
What I have in my Mind, out it comes: But bar that;
I'ſe on honeſt Lad as well as another.

Eſop. My Time's dearer to me than yours Friend;
Have you any thing to ſay to me?

Rog. Gadswookers, do People uſe to ask for Folks when they have nothing to ſay to 'em?
I'ſe tell you my buſineſs.

Eſop. Let's hear it.

Rog. I have, as you ſee, a little Wit.

Eſop. True.

Rog. I live in a Village hard by, and I'ſe the beſt Man in it, tho I ſay it that ſhou'd not ſay it. I have good Drink in my Cellar, and good Corn in my Barn; I have Cows and Oxen, Hogs and Sheep, Cocks and Hens, and Geeſe and Turkeys: but the truth will out, and ſo let it out. I'ſe e'en tir'd of being call'd plain *Roger*. I has a Leathern Purſe, and in that Purſe there's many a fair Half-Crown, with the King's ſweet Face upon it, God bleſs him; and with this Money I have a mind to bind myſelf Prentice to a Courtier: It's a good Trade, as I have heard ſay; there's Money ſtirring: Let a Lad be but diligent, and do what he's bid, he ſhall be let into the Secret, and ſhare part of the Profits; I have not liv'd to theſe Years for nothing: Thoſe that will ſwim, muſt go into deep Water: I'ſe get our Wife *Joan* to be the Queen's Chamber-maid; and then——Crack ſays me I; and forget all my Acquaintance.

But to come to the buſineſs. You who are the King's great Favourite, I deſire you'll be pleas'd to ſell me ſome of your Friendſhip, that I may get a Court-Place. Come, you ſhall chuſe me one yourſelf; you look like a ſhrewd Man; by the Maſs you do.

Eſop. I chuſe thee a Place!

Rog. Yes: I would willingly have it ſuch a ſort of a Place, as wou'd coſt little, and bring in a great deal; in a word, much Profit, and nothing to do.

Eſop. But you muſt name what poſt you think wou'd ſuit your Humour.

Rog. Why I'ſe pratty indifferent as to that: Secretary of State, or Butler; twenty Shillings more, twenty Shillings leſs, is not the thing I ſtand upon. I'ſe no Hagler, Godswookars; and he that ſays I am——— 'Zbud he lies: There's my Humour now.

Eſop. But hark you, Friend, you ſay you are well as you are, why then do you deſire to change?

Rog. Why what a queſtion now is there for a Man of your Parts? I'm well, d'ye ſee me; and what of all that? I deſire to be better: There's an Anſwer for you. [*Aſide.*] Let *Roger* alone with him.

Eſop. Very well: This is reaſoning; and I love a Man ſhould reaſon with me. But let us enquire a little whether your Reaſons are good or not. You ſay at home you want for nothing.

Rog. Nothing, 'fore *George.*

Eſop. You have good Drink?

Rog. 'Zbud the beſt i'th' Pariſh. [*Singing.*] And dawne it merrily goes, my Lad, and dawne it merrily goes.

Eſop. You eat heartily?

Rog. I have a noble Stomach.

Eſop. You ſleep well?

Rog. Juſt as I drink, till I can ſleep no longer.

Eſop. You have ſome honeſt Neighbours?

Rog. Honeſt! 'Zbud we are all ſo, the Tawne raund, we live like Breether; when one can ſarve another, he does it with all his Heart and Guts; when we have any thing that's good, we eat it together, Holydays and Sundays we play at Nine-pins, tumble upon the Graſs with wholeſome young Maids, laugh till we ſplit, daunce till we are weary, eat till we burſt, drink till we are ſleepy, then ſwap into Bed, and ſnore till we riſe to Breakfaſt.

Eſop. And all this thou wou'd'ſt leave to go to Court. I'll tell thee what once happen'd.

A Mouſe, who long had liv'd at Court,
(Yet ne'er the better Chriſtian *for't)*
Walking one day to ſee ſome Country Sport,
He met a home-bred Village-Mouſe.
Who with an awkard Speech and Bow,
That ſavour'd much of Cart and Plow,
Made a ſhift, I know not how,
T' invite him to his Houſe.
Quoth he, my Lord, I doubt you'll find
Our Country Fare of homely kind;
But by my Troth, you're welcome to't,
Y'ave that, and Bread, and Cheeſe to boot:
And ſo they ſat and din'd.

Rog. Very well.

Eſop. *The* Courtier *cou'd have eat at leaſt*
As much as any Houſhold Prieſt,
But thought himſelf oblig'd in Feeding,
To ſhow the difference of Town-breeding;
He pick'd and cull'd, and turn'd the Meat,
He champt and chew'd, and cou'd not eat:
No toothleſs Woman at Fourſcore,
Was ever ſeen to mumble more.
He made a thouſand ugly Faces,
Which (as ſometimes in Ladies caſes,)
Were all deſign'd for Airs and Graces.

Rog. Ha, ha.

Eſop. *At laſt he from the Table roſe,*
He pick'd his Teeth, and blow'd his Noſe,
And with an eaſy Negligence,
As tho he lately came from France,
He made a careleſs ſliding Bow:
'Fore Gad, quoth he, I don't know how
I ſhall return your friendly Treat;
But if you'll take a bit of Meat
In Town with me.
You there ſhall ſee
How we poor Courtiers eat.

Rog.

Rog. Tit for tat; that was friendly.

Eſop. *There needed no more Invitation*
To e'er a Country Squire i'th' Nation:
Exactly to the time he came,
Punctual as Woman when ſhe meets
A Man between a pair of Sheets,
As good a Stomach, and as little Shame.

Rog. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Eſop. *To ſay the Truth, he found good Chear,*
With Wine, inſtead of Ale and Beer:
But juſt as they ſat down to eat,
Comes bouncing in a hungry Cat.

Rog. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord.

Eſop. *The nimble Courtier skipt from Table,*
The Squire leapt too, as he was able:
It can't be ſaid that they were beat,
It was no more than a Retreat;
Which when an Army, not to fight
By Day-light, runs away by Night,
Was ever judg'd a great and glorious Feat.

Rog. Ever, ever, ever.

Eſop. *The Cat retir'd, our Gueſts return,*
The Danger paſt becomes their Scorn,
They fall to Eating as before,
The Butler rumbles at the Door.

Rog. Good Lord!

Eſop. *To Boot and Saddle again they found.*

Rog. Ta ra, tan tan ta ra, ra ra tan ta ra.

Eſop. *They frown, as they wou'd ſtand their Ground,*
But (like ſome of our Friends) they found
'Twas ſafer much to ſcour.

Rog. Tantive, Tantive, Tantive, *&c.*

Eſop. *At length the Squire, who hated Arms,*
Was ſo perplext with theſe Alarms,
He roſe up in a kind of Heat:
Udzwooks, quoth he, with all your Meat,
I will maintain, a Diſh of Peaſe,
A Radiſh, and a Slice of Cheeſe,
With a good Deſert of Eaſe,
Is much a better Treat.

However,
Since every Man ſhou'd have his due,
I own, Sir, I'm oblig'd to you
For your Intentions at your Board:
But Pox upon your Courtly Crew———

Rog. Amen, I pray the Lord. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Now the De'el cuckold me if this Story be not worth a Sermon. Give me your Hond, Sir.
——If it had na' been for your friendly Advice, I was going to be Fool enough, to be Secretary of State.

Eſop. Well, go thy ways home, and be wiſer for the future.

Rog. And ſo I will: For that ſame Mauſe, your Friend, was a witty Perſon, Gadsbudlikins; and ſo our Wife *Joan* ſhall know: For between you and I, 'tis ſhe has put me upon going to Court. Sir, ſhe has been ſo praud, ſo ſaucy, ſo rampant, ever ſince I brought her home a lac'd Pinner, and a pink-colour pair of Shoe-ſtrings, from *Tickledawne* Fair, the Parſon o'th' Pariſh can't rule her; and that you'll ſay's much. But ſo much for that. Naw I thank you for your good Counſel, honeſt little Gentleman; and to ſhew you that I'ſe not ungrateful——Give me your Hand once more——If you'll take the pains but to walk dawne to our Towne—a word in your Ear——I'ſe ſend you ſo drunk whome again, you ſhall remember friendly *Roger* as long as you have breath in your Body. [*Exit* Roger.

Eſop ſolus.

Farewel, what I both envy and deſpiſe:
Thy Happineſs and Ignorance provoke me.
How noble were the thing call'd Knowledge,
Did it but lead us to a Bliſs like thine!
But there's a ſecret Curſe in Wiſdom's Train,
Which on its Pleaſures ſtamps perpetual Pain,
And makes the wiſe Man Loſer by his Gain.

[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Eſop.

Eſop. WHO waits there? [*Enter Servant.* If there be any body that has Buſineſs with me, let 'em in.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter Quaint, *who ſtands at a diſtance, making a great many fawning Bows.*

Eſop. Well, Friend, who are you?

Quaint. My Name's *Quaint*, Sir, the profoundeſt of all your Honour's humble Servants.

Eſop. And what may your Buſineſs be with me, Sir?

Quaint. My Buſineſs, Sir, with every Man, is firſt of all to do him Service.

Eſop. And your next is, I ſuppoſe, to be paid for't twice as much as 'tis worth.

Quaint. Your Honour's moſt obedient, humble Servant.

Eſop. Well, Sir, but upon what account am I going to be oblig'd to you?

Quaint. Sir, I'm a Genealogiſt.

Eſop. A Genealogiſt!

Quaint. At your Service, Sir.

Eſop. So, Sir.

Quaint. Sir, I am inform'd from common Fame, as well as from ſome little private familiar Intelligence, That your Wiſdom is entring into Treaty with the *Primum Mobile* of Good and Evil, a fine Lady. I have travell'd, Sir; I have read, Sir; I have conſider'd, Sir; and I find, Sir, that the Nature of a fine Lady is to be———a fine Lady, Sir; a fine Lady's a fine Lady, Sir, all the World over; ſhe loves a fine Houſe, fine Furniture, fine Clothes, fine Liveries, fine Petticoats,

fine Smocks; and if ſhe ſtops there—ſhe's a fine Lady indeed, Sir. But to come to my Point.

It being the *Lydian* Cuſtom, that the fair Bride ſhould be preſented on her Wedding-day with ſomething that may ſignify the Merit and the Worth of her dread Lord and Maſter, I thought the noble *Eſop*'s Pedigree might be the welcom'ſt Gift that he could offer. If his Honour be of the ſame Opinion——I'll ſpeak a bold Word; there's ne'er a Herald in all *Aſia* ſhall put better Blood in his Veins, than—Sir, your humble Servant, *Jacob Quaint*.

Eſop. Doſt thou then know my Father, Friend? For I proteſt to thee I am a Stranger to him.

Quaint. Your Father, Sir, ha, ha! I know every Man's Father, Sir, and every Man's Grandfather, and every Man's Great Grandfather. Why, Sir, I'm a Herald by Nature, my Mother was a *Welchwoman*.

Eſop. A *Welchwoman!* Prithee of what Country's that?

Quaint. That Sir, is a Country in the World's backſide, where every Man is born a Gentleman, and a Genealogiſt. Sir, I cou'd tell my Mother's Pedigree before I cou'd ſpeak plain; which, to ſhew you the Depth of my Art, and the Strength of my Memory, I'll trundle you down in an inſtant.

Noah had three Sons, *Shem*, *Ham*, and *Japhet*; *Shem*——

Eſop. Hold, I conjure thee in the Name of all thy Anceſtors.

Quaint. Sir, I cou'd take it higher, but I begin at *Noah* for brevity's ſake.

Eſop. No more on't, I intreat thee.

Quaint. Your Honour's impatient, perhaps, to hear your own Deſcent. *A word to the Wiſe is enough*. Hem, hem: *Solomon*, the wiſe King of *Judea*——

Eſop. Hold once more!

Quaint. Ha, ha; your Honour's modeſt, but—— *Solomon*, the wiſe King of *Judea*——

Eſop. Was my Anceſtor, was he not?

Quaint. He was, my Lord, which no one ſure can doubt,

doubt, who obſerves how much of Prince there hangs about you.

Eſop. What! Is't in my Mien?

Quaint. You have ſomething——wondrous Noble in your Air.

Eſop. Perſonable too; view me well.

Quaint. N——not Tall; but Majeſtick.

Eſop. My Shape.

Quaint. A World of Symmetry in it.

Eſop. The Lump upon my Back.

Quaint. N——not regular; but agreeable.

Eſop. Now by my Honeſty thou art a Villain, Herald. But Flattery's a Thruſt I never fail to parry. 'Tis a Paſs thou ſhou'd'ſt reſerve for young Fencers; with Feints like thoſe they're to be hit: I do not doubt but thou haſt found it ſo; haſt not?

Quaint. I muſt confeſs, Sir, I have ſometimes made 'em bleed by't. But I hope your Honour will pleaſe to excuſe me, ſince, to ſpeak the truth, I get my Bread by't, and maintain my Wife and Children: And Induſtry, you know, Sir, is a commendable thing. Beſides, Sir, I have debated the Buſineſs a little with my Conſcience; for I'm like the reſt of my Neighbours, I'd willingly get Money, and be ſav'd too, if the thing may be done upon any reaſonable Terms: And ſo, Sir, I ſay, to quiet my Conſcience, I have found out at laſt, that Flattery is a Duty.

Eſop. A Duty!

Quaint. Ay, Sir, a Duty: For the Duty of all Men is to make one another paſs their time as pleaſantly as they can. Now, Sir, here's a young Lord, who has a great deal of Land, a great deal of Title, a great deal of Meat, a great deal of Noiſe, a great many Servants, and a great many Diſeaſes. I find him very dull, very reſtleſs, tir'd with Eaſe, cloy'd with Plenty, a Burden to himſelf, and a Plague to his Family. I begin to flatter: He ſprings off of the Couch; turns himſelf round in the Glaſs; finds all I ſay true; cuts a Caper a yard high; his Blood trickles round his Veins; his Heart's as light as his Heels; and before I leave him——his Purſe is

as empty as his Head. So we both are content; for we part much happier than we met.

Eſop. Admirable Rogue! what doſt thou think of Murder and of Rape, are not they Duties too? Wer't not for ſuch vile fawning things as thou art, young Nobles wou'd not long be what they are: They'd grow aſham'd of Luxury and Eaſe, and rouſe up the old Spirit of their Fathers; leave the purſuit of a poor frightned Hare, and make their Foes to tremble in her ſtead; furniſh their Heads with Sciences and Arts, and fill their Hearts with Honour, Truth and Friendſhip; be generous to ſome, and juſt to all; drive home their Creditors with Bags of Gold, inſtead of chaſing 'em away with Swords and Staves; be faithful to their King and Country both, and ſtab the Offerer of a Bribe from either; bluſh even at a wandring Thought of Vice, and boldly own they durſt be Friends to Virtue; trembling at nothing but the Frowns of Heaven, and be no more aſham'd of him that made 'em.

Quaint, aſide.] If I ſtand to hear this Crump preach a little longer, I ſhall be Fool enough perhaps to be bubbled out of my Livelihood, and ſo loſe a Bird in the Hand for two in the Buſh.

Sir, ſince I have not been able to bring you to a good Opinion of yourſelf, 'tis very probable I ſhall ſcarce prevail with you to have one of me. But if you pleaſe to do me the favour to forget me, I ſhall ever acknowledge myſelf——Sir, your moſt obedient, faithful, humble Servant.

Eſop. Hold; if I let thee go, and give thee nothing, thou'lt be able to grumble at me; and therefore——who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Quaint, aſide.] I don't like his Looks, by Gad.

Eſop. I'll preſent thee with a Token of my Love.

Quaint. A——another time, Sir, will do as well.

Eſop. No; I love to be out of Debt, tho 'tis being out of the Faſhion. So, d'ye hear! Give this honeſt Gentleman half a ſcore good ſtrokes on the back with a Cudgel.

Quaint.

Quaint. By no means in the World, Sir.

Eſop. Indeed, Sir, you ſhall take 'em.

Quaint. Sir, I don't merit half your Bounty.

Eſop. O 'tis but a Trifle.

Quaint. Your Generoſity makes me bluſh.

[*Looking about to make his eſcape.*

Eſop. That's your Modeſty, Sir.

Quaint. Sir, you are pleaſed to compliment. But a——twenty Pedigrees for a clear Coaſt.

[*Running off, the Servant after him.*

Eſop. Wait upon him down Stairs, Fellow; I'd do't myſelf, were I but nimble enough; but he makes haſte, to avoid Ceremony.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Lady in great haſte, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Eſop. Let her come in.

Enter Aminta, *weeping.*

Amin. O Sir, if you don't help me, I'm undone.

Eſop. What, what's the matter, Lady?

Amin. My Daughter, Sir, my Daughter's run away with a filthy Fellow.

Eſop. A ſlippery Trick indeed!

Amin. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, ſend immediately to purſue 'em, and ſeize 'em: But 'tis in vain, 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; I'll warrant at this very moment they are got together in a Room with a Couch in't; all's gone, all's gone; tho 'twere made of Gold 'tis loſt: Oh! my Honour, my Honour. A forward Girl ſhe was always; I ſaw it in her Eyes the very Day of her Birth.

Eſop. That indeed was early; but how do you know ſhe's gone with a Fellow?

Amin. I have e'en her own inſolent Hand-writing for't; Sir, take but the pains to read what a Letter ſhe has left me.

Eſop Reads.

I love, and am belov'd, and that's the reaſon I run away.

Short, but ſignificant!

——*I'm*

——*I'm ſure there's no body knows better than your Ladyſhip what Allowances are to be made to Fleſh and Blood; I therefore hope this from your Juſtice, that what you have done three times yourſelf, you'll pardon once in your Daughter.*

The Dickens!

Amin. Now, Sir, what do you think of the Buſineſs?

Eſop. Why truly, Lady, I think it one of the moſt natural Buſineſſes I have met with a great while. I'll tell you a Story.

A Crab-fiſh once her Daughter told,
(In terms that ſavour'd much of Scold)
She cou'd not bear to ſee her go,
Sidle, ſidle, to and fro;
The Devil's in the Wench, quoth ſhe,
When ſo much Money has been paid,
To poliſh you like me;
It makes me almoſt mad to ſee
Y'are ſtill ſo awkard, an ungainly Jade.
Her Daughter ſmil'd, and look'd a-skew,
She anſwer'd (for to give her her due)
Pertly, as moſt Folks Daughters do:
Madam, your Ladyſhip, quoth ſhe,
Is pleas'd to blame in me
What, on Enquiry, you may find,
Admits a paſſable Excuſe,
From a Proverb much in uſe,
That Cat will after kind.

Amin. Sir, I took you to be a Man better bred, than to liken a Lady to a Crab-fiſh.

Eſop. What I want in Good-breeding, Lady, I have in Truth and Honeſty: As what you have wanted in Virtue, you have had in a good Face.

Amin. Have had, Sir! What I have had, I have ſtill; and ſhall have a great while, I hope. I'm no Grandmother, Sir.

Eſop. But in a fair way for't, Madam.

Amin.

Amin. Thanks to my Daughter's Forwardneſs then, not my Years. I'd have you to know, Sir, I have never a Wrinkle in my Face. A young pert Slut! who'd think ſhe ſhou'd know ſo much at her Age?

Eſop, Good Maſters make quick Scholars, Lady; ſhe has learn'd her Exerciſe from you.

Amin. But where's the Remedy, Sir?

Eſop. In trying if a good Example will reclaim her, as an ill one has debauch'd her. Live private, and avoid Scandal.

Amin. Never ſpeak it; I can no more retire, than I can go to Church twice of a Sunday.

Eſop. What! your youthful Blood boils in your Veins, I'll warrant.

Amin. I have Warmth enough to endure the Air, old Gentleman. I need not ſhut myſelf up in a Houſe theſe twenty Years.

Eſop. Aſide.] She takes a long Leaſe of Leudneſs: ſhe'll be an admirable Tenant to Luſt.

Amin. walking haſtily to and fro.] People think when a Woman is turn'd Forty, ſhe's old enough to turn out of the World: But I ſay, when a Woman is turn'd Forty, ſhe's old enough to have more Wit. The moſt can be ſaid is, her Face is the worſt for wearing: I'll anſwer for all the reſt of her Fabrick. The Men wou'd be to be pity'd, by my Troth, wou'd they, if we ſhou'd quit the Stage, and leave 'em nothing but a parcel of young pert Sluts, that neither know how to ſpeak Senſe, nor keep themſelves clean. But don't let 'em fear, we a'n't going yet.——How now! What left alone! An unmannerly Piece of Deformity! Methinks he might have had Senſe enough to have made Love to me. But I have found Men ſtrangely dull for the laſt ten or twelve Years: Sure they'll mend in time, or the World won't be worth living in.

[Eſop *ſtares upon her, and as ſhe turns from him, runs off the Stage.*

For let Philoſophers ſay all they can,
The Source of Woman's Joys is plac'd in Man.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Learchus *and* Euphronia, Doris *following at a diſtance.*

Lear. to Euph.] I muſt tell you, Miſtreſs, I'm too mild with you; Parents ſhou'd never intreat their Children, nor will I hereafter. Therefore, in a word, let *Eſop* be lov'd, let *Oronces* be hated; let one be a Peacock, let t'other be a Bat: I'm Father, you are Daughter; I command, and you ſhall obey.

Euph. I never yet did otherwiſe; nor ſhall I now, Sir; but pray let Reaſon guide you.

Lear. So it does: But 'tis my own, not yours, Huſſey.

Dor. Ah—Well, I'll ſay no more; but were I in her Place, by the Maſs I'd have a tug for't.

Lear. Dæmon, born to diſtract me. Whence art thou, in the name of Fire and Brimſtone? Have I not ſatisfy'd thee? Have I not paid thee what's thy due? And have not I turn'd thee out of doors, with Orders never more to ſtride my Threſhold, Ha? Anſwer, abominable Spirit; what is't that makes thee haunt me?

Dor. A fooliſh Paſſion, to do you good in ſpite of your teeth: Pox on me for my Zeal, I ſay.

Lear. And Pox on thee, and thy Zeal too, I ſay.

Dor. Now if it were not for her ſake more than for yours, I'd leave all to your own Management, to be reveng'd of you. But rather than I'll ſee that ſweet thing ſacrificed——— I'll play the Devil in your Houſe.

Lear. Patience, I ſummon thee to my Aid.

Dor. Paſſion, I defy thee; to the laſt drop of my Blood I'll maintain my Ground. What have you to charge me with? Speak: I love your Child better than you do, and you can't bear that, ha? Is't not ſo? Nay, it's well y'are aſham'd on't; there's ſome ſign of Grace ſtill.

Look you, Sir, in few words, you'll make me mad; and 'twere enough to make any body mad (who has Brains enough to be ſo) to ſee ſo much Virtue ſhipwreck'd at the very Port. The World never ſaw a Virgin better qualify'd; ſo witty, ſo diſcreet, ſo modeſt, ſo chaſte; in a word, I brought her up myſelf, and 'twou'd

'twou'd be the Death of me, to ſee ſo virtuous a Maid become a leud Wife; which is the uſual effect of Parents Pride and Covetouſneſs.

Lear. How, Strumpet! wou'd any thing be able to debauch my Daughter?

Dor. Your Daughter! Yes your Daughter, and myſelf into the bargain: A Woman's but a Woman; and I'll lay a hundred Pound on Nature's ſide. Come, Sir, few words diſpatch Buſineſs. Let who will be the Wife of *Eſop*, ſhe's a Fool, or he's a Cuckold. But you'll never have a true Notion of this Matter, till you ſuppoſe yourſelf in your Daughter's Place. As thus:

You are a pretty, ſoft, warm, wiſhing young Lady: I'm a ſtrait, proper, handſome, vigorous, young Fellow.

You have a peeviſh, poſitive, covetous, old Father, and he forces you to marry a little, lean, crooked dry, ſapleſs Husband. This Husband's gone abroad, you are left at home. I make you a Viſit; find you all alone; the Servant pulls to the Door; the Devil comes in at the Window. I begin to wheedle, you begin to melt; you like my Perſon, and therefore believe all I ſay; ſo firſt I make you an Atheiſt, and then I make you a Whore. Thus the World goes, Sir.

Lear. Pernicious Peſtilence! Has not thy eternal Tongue run down its Larum yet?

Dor. Yes.

Lear. Then go out of my Houſe, Abomination.

Dor. I'll not ſtir a foot.

Lear. Who waits there? Bring me my great Stick.

Dor. Bring you a Stick! bring you a Head-peice: that you'd call for, if you knew your own wants.

Lear. Death and Furies, the Devil, and ſo forth; I ſhall run diſtracted.

Euph. Pray, Sir, don't be ſo angry at her. I'm ſure ſhe means well, tho ſhe may have an odd way of expreſſing herſelf.

Lear. What, you like her meaning? who doubts it, Offspring of *Venus?* But I'll make you ſtay your Stomach with Meat of my chuſing, you liquoriſh young Baggage you. In a word, *Eſop*'s the Man; and tomorrow he ſhall be your Lord and Maſter. But

But ſince he can't be ſatisfied unleſs he has your Heart, as well as all the reſt of your Trumpery, let me ſee you receive him in ſuch a manner that he may think himſelf your Choice as well as mine; 'twill make him eſteem your Judgment: For we uſually gueſs at other People's Underſtandings, by their approving our Actions, and liking our Faces. See here the great Man comes! [*To Dor-*] Follow me, Inſolence; and leave 'em to expreſs their Paſſion to each other. [*To Euph.*] Remember my laſt word to you is, Obey,

Dor. to Euph. aſide] And remember my laſt Advice to you is, Rebel. [*Exit* Lear. Dor. *following him.*

Euph. Alas, I'm good-natured; the laſt thing that's ſaid to me uſually leaves the deepeſt Impreſſion.

Enter Eſop; *they ſtand ſome time without ſpeaking.*

Eſop.——They ſay, That Lovers, for want of Words, have Eyes to ſpeak with. I'm afraid you do not underſtand the Language of mine, ſince yours I find, will make no Anſwer to 'em. But I muſt tell you, Lady, there is a numerous Train of youthful Virgins, that are endow'd with Wealth and Beauty too, who yet have thought it worth their Pains and Care to point their Darts at *Eſop*'s homely Breaſt; whilſt you ſo much contemn what they purſue, that a young ſenſleſs Fop's prefer'd before me.

Euph. Did you but know that Fop you dare to term ſo, his very Looks wou'd fright you into nothing.

Eſop. A very Bauble.

Euph. How!

Eſop. A Butterfly.

Euph. I can't bear it.

Eſop. A Parroquet, can prattle and look gaudy.

Euph. It may be ſo; but let me paint him and you in your proper Colours, I'll do it exactly, and you ſhall judge which I ought to chuſe.

Eſop. No, hold; I'm naturally not over-curious; beſides, 'tis Pride makes People have their Pictures drawn.

Euph. Upon my word, Sir, you may have yours taken a hundred times before any body will believe 'tis done upon that account.

Eſop.

Eſop. Aſide.] How ſevere ſhe is upon me!
You are reſolv'd then to perſiſt, and be fond of your Feather; ſigh for a Perriwig, and die for a Cravat-ſtring.

Euph. Methinks, Sir, you might treat with more reſpect what I've thought fit to own I value; your Affronts to him are doubly ſuch to me; if you continue your provoking Language, you muſt expect my Tongue will ſally too; and if you are as wiſe as ſome would make you, you can't but know I ſhou'd have Theme enough.

Eſop. But is it poſſible you can love ſo much as you pretend?

Euph. Why, do you queſtion it?

Eſop. Becauſe no body loves ſo much as they pretend: But hark you, young Lady, Marriage is to laſt a long, long time; and where one Couple bleſs the ſacred Knot, a Train of Wretches curſe the Inſtitution. You are in an Age where Hearts are young and tender, a pleaſing Object gets admittance ſoon. But ſince to Marriage there's annex'd this dreadful word, *For Ever*, the following Example ought to move you.

A Peacock once of ſplendid ſhow,
Gay, gawdy, foppiſh, vain —— a Beau,
Attack'd a fond young Pheaſant's Heart
With ſuch Succeſs,
He pleas'd her, tho he made her ſmart;
He pierc'd her with ſo much Addreſs,
She ſmil'd the moment that he fixt his Dart.
A Cuckow in a neighb'ring Tree,
Rich, honeſt, ugly, old——like me,
Lov'd her as he lov'd his Life:
No pamper'd Prieſt e'er ſtudy'd more
To make a vertuous Nun a Whore,
Than he to get her for his Wife.
But all his Offers ſtill were vain,
His Limbs were weak, his Face was plain;
Beauty, Youth, and Vigour weigh'd
With the warm deſiring Maid:

No

No Bird, she cry'd, wou'd serve her turn,
But what cou'd quench as well as burn,
She'd have a young Gallant; so one she had.
But ere a Month was come and gone,
The Bride began to change her tone,
She found a young Gallant was an inconstant one.
She wander'd to a neighb'ring Grove,
Where after musing long on Love,
She told her Confident, she found
When for one's Life one must be bound,
(Tho Youth indeed was a delicious Bait)
An aged Husband, rich, tho plain,
Wou'd give a slavish Wife less pain;
And what was more, was sooner slain,
Which was a thing of weight.

Behold, young Lady, here, the Cuckow of the Fable: I'm deform'd, 'tis true, yet I have found the means to make a Figure amongst Men, that well has recompens'd the Wrongs of Nature; my Rival's Beauty promises you much; perhaps my homely Form might yield you more; at least consider on't, 'tis worth your Thought.

Euph. I must confess, my Fortune wou'd be greater;
But what's a Fortune to a Heart like mine?
'Tis true, I'm but a young Philosopher,
Yet in that little space my Glass has run,
I've spent some time in search of Happiness:
The fond Pursuit I soon observ'd of Riches,
Inclin'd me to enquire into their Worth;
I found their Value was not in themselves,
But in their Power to grant what we cou'd ask.
I then proceeded to my own Desires,
To know what state of Life wou'd suit with them:
I found 'em moderate in their Demands,
They neither ask'd for Title, State, or Power;
They slighted the aspiring Post of Envy:
'Tis true, they trembled at the name Contempt;
A general Esteem was all they wish'd;
And that I did not doubt might be obtain'd,

If

If furniſh'd but with Virtue and Good-Nature;
My Fortune prov'd ſufficient to afford me
Conveniencies of Life, and Independence.
This, Sir, was the Reſult of my Enquiry;
And by this Scheme of Happineſs I build,
When I prefer the Man I love to you.

Eſop. How wiſe, how witty, and how cleanly, young Women grow, as ſoon as ever they are in love!

Euph. How foppiſh, how impertinent, and how nauſeous are old Men, when they pretend to be ſo too!

Eſop. How pert is Youth!

Euph. How dull is Age!

Eſop. Why ſo ſharp, young Lady?

Euph. Why ſo blunt, old Gentleman?

Eſop. 'Tis enough; I'll to your Father, I know how to deal with him, tho I don't know how to deal with you. Before to-morrow Noon, Damſel, Wife ſhall be written on your Brow. [*Exit* Eſop.

Euph. Then before to-morrow Night, Stateſman, Husband ſhall be ſtampt upon your Forehead. [*Exit.* Euph.

ACT IV.

Enter Oronces *and* Doris.

Dor. PAtience, I beſeech you.

Or. Patience! What, and ſee that lovely Creature thrown into the Arms of that pedantick Monſter: 'Sdeath, I'd rather ſee the World reduc'd to Atoms, Mankind turn'd into Crawfiſh, and myſelf an old Woman.

Dor. So you think an old Woman a very unfortunate thing, I find; but you are miſtaken, Sir; ſhe may plague other Folks, but ſhe's as entertaining to herſelf, as any one part of the Creation.

Or.

Or. walking to and fro.] She's the Devil, ——and I'm one of the Damn'd, I think. But I'll make ſomebody howl for't, I will ſo.

Dor. You'll e'en do as all the young Fellows in the Town do, ſpoil your own Sport: Ah—— had young Mens Shoulders but old Courtiers Heads upon 'em, what a delicious Time wou'd they have on't! For ſhame be wiſe; for your Miſtreſs's ſake at leaſt uſe ſome Caution.

Or. For her ſake I'll reſpect, even like a Deity, her Father. He ſhall ſtrike me, he ſhall tread upon me, and find me humbler even than a crawling Worm, for I'll not turn again; but for *Eſop*, that unfiniſh'd Lump, that Chaos of Humanity, I'll uſe him,——nay, expect it, for I'll do't———the firſt moment that I ſee him, I'll———

Dor. Not challenge him, I hope.——'Twou'd be a pretty ſight truly, to ſee *Eſop* drawn up in Battalia: Fie for ſhame, be wiſe once in your Life; think of gaining time, by putting off the Marriage for a day or two, and not of waging War with a Pigmy. Yonder's the old Gentleman walking by himſelf in the Gallery; go and wheedle him, you know his weak ſide; he's good-natur'd in the bottom. Stir up his old fatherly Bowels a little, I'll warrant you'll move him at laſt: go, get you gone, and play your Part diſcreetly.

Or. Well, I'll try; but if Words won't do with one, Blows ſhall with t'other; by Heavens they ſhall.

[*Exit.* Or.

Dor. ſola.] Nay, I reckon we ſhall have rare work on't by and by. Shield us, kind Heaven; what things are Men in love? Now they are Stocks and Stones; then they are Fire and Quick-ſilver; firſt whining and crying, then ſwearing and damning; this moment they are in love, and next moment they are out of love: Ah—cou'd we but live without 'em——but it's in vain to think on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Eſop *at one ſide of the Stage, Mrs.* Forge-will *at t'other.*

Forg. Sir, I'm your moſt devoted Servant: What I ſay is no Compliment, I do aſſure you. *Eſop.*

Eſop. Madam, as far as you are really mine, I believe I may venture to aſſure you, I am yours.

Forg. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you know that I'm a Widow.

Eſop. Madam, I don't ſo much as know you are a Woman.

Forg. O ſurprizing! Why I thought the whole Town had known it. Sir, I have been a Widow this Twelve-month.

Eſop. If a body may gueſs at your Heart by your Petticoat, Lady, you don't deſign to be ſo a Twelve-month more.

Forg. O bleſs me! Not a Twelve-month! Why, my Husband has left me four ſquawling Brats. Beſides, Sir, I'm undone.

Eſop. You ſeem as chearful an undone Lady as I have met with.

Forg. Alas, Sir, I have too great a Spirit ever to let Afflictions ſpoil my Face. Sir, I'll tell you my Condition; and that will lead me to my Buſineſs with you. Sir, my Husband was a Scrivener.

Eſop. The deux he was; I thought he had been a Count at leaſt.

Forg. Sir, 'tis not the firſt time I have been taken for a Counteſs; my Mother us'd to ſay as I lay in my Cradle, I had the Air of a Woman of Quality; and truly I have always liv'd like ſuch. My Husband, indeed, had ſomething ſneaking in him, (as moſt Husbands have you know, Sir) but from the moment I ſet foot in his Houſe, bleſs me, what a Change was there! His Pewter was turn'd into Silver, his Goloſhoes into a Glaſs Coach, and his little travelling Mare into a pair of *Flanders* Horſes. Inſtead of a greaſy Cook-maid to wait at Table, I had four tall Footmen in clean Linen; all things became new and faſhionable, and nothing look'd aukward in my Family. My Furniture was the Wonder of my Neighbourhood, and my Clothes the Admiration of the whole Town; I had a Necklace that was envy'd by the Queen, and a pair of Pendants that ſet a Dutcheſs a crying. In a Word, I ſaw nothing I lik'd but I bought it; and my Husband, good Man, durſt ne'er refuſe paying for't.

for't. Thus I liv'd, and I flouriſh'd, till he ſicken'd and dy'd; but ere he was cold in his Grave, his Creditors plunder'd my Houſe. But what pity it was to ſee Fellows with dirty Shoes come into my beſt Rooms, and touch my Hangings with their filthy Fingers! You won't blame me, Sir, if with all my Courage I weep at this ſenſible part of my Misfortune.

Eſop. A very ſad Story truly!

Forg. But now, Sir, to my Buſineſs. Having been inform'd this Morning, That the King has appointed a great Sum of Money for the Marriage of young Women who have liv'd well, and are fallen to decay, I am come to acquaint you I have two ſtrapping Daughters juſt fit for the Matter, and to deſire you'll help 'em to Portions out of the King's Bounty; that they mayn't whine and pine, and be eaten up with the Green-ſickneſs, as half the young Women in the Town are, or wou'd be, if there were not more Helps for a Diſeaſe than one. This, Sir, is my Buſineſs.

Eſop. And this, Madam, is my Anſwer.

A crawling Toad, all ſpeckled o'er.
Vain gaudy, painted, patch'd——a Whore,
Seeing a well-fed Ox hard by,
Regards him with an envious Eye,
And (as the Poets tell)
Ye Gods I cannot bear't, quoth ſhe,
I'll burſt, or be as big as he,
And ſo began to ſwell.
Her Friends and Kindred round her came,
They ſhew'd her ſhe was much to blame,
The thing was out of reach.
She told 'em they were buſy Folk,
And when her Husband wou'd have ſpoke,
She bid him Kiſs her Br——
With that they all e'en gave her o'er,
And ſhe perſiſted as before,
Till with a deal of ſtrife
She ſwell'd at laſt ſo much her Spleen,
She burſt like one that we have ſeen,
Who was a Scrivener's Wife.

This,

This, Widow, I take to be your Caſe, and that of a great many others; for this is an Age where moſt People get Falls by clambering too high, to reach at what they ſhould not do. The Shoemaker's Wife reduces her Husband to a Cobler, by endeavouring to be as ſpruce as the Taylor's: The Taylor's brings hers to a Botcher, by going as fine as the Mercer's: The Mercer's lowers hers to a Foreman, by perking up to the Merchant's: The Merchant's wears hers to a Broker, by ſtrutting up to Quality: And Quality bring theirs to nothing, by ſtriving to outdo one another. If Women were humbler, Men wou'd be honeſter. Pride brings Want, Want makes Rogues, Rogues come to be hang'd, and the Devil alone's the Gainer. Go your ways home, Woman; and as your Husband maintain'd you by his Pen, maintain yourſelf by your Needle; put your great Girls to Service, Imployment will keep 'em honeſt; much work, and plain Diet, will cure the Green-Sickneſs as well as a Husband.

Forg. Why, you pitiful Pigmy, preaching, canting, pickthank; you little, ſorry, crooked, dry, wither'd Eunuch, do you know that——

Eſop. I know that I'm ſo deform'd you han't Wit enough to deſcribe me; but I have this good quality, That a fooliſh Woman can never make me angry.

Forg. Can't ſhe ſo! I'll try that, I will, [*She falls upon him, holds his Hands, and boxes his Ears.*

Eſop. Help, help, help.

Enter Servants. She runs off, they after her.

Eſop. Nay e'en let her go——let her go——don't bring her back again——I'm for making a Bridge of Gold for my Enemy to retreat upon—— I'm quite out of breath——A terrible Woman, I proteſt.

Enter a Country Gentleman drunk, in a hunting Dreſs, with a Huntſman, Groom, Faulkner, and other Servants; one leading a couple of Hounds, another Grey Hounds, a third a Spaniel, a fourth a Gun upon his Shoulder, the Faulkner a Hawk upon his Fiſt, &c.

Gent. Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux: Joular, there Boy, Joular, Joular, Tinker, Pedlar, Miſs, Miſs, Miſs, Miſs,

Miſs, Miſs——Blood and Oons——O there he *is*; that muſt he be, I have ſeen his Picture, [*Reeling upon* Eſop]——Sir——if your Name's *Eſop*——I'm your humble Servant.

Eſop. Sir, my name is *Eſop*, at your Service.

Gent. Why then, Sir——Compliments being paſt on both ſides, with your leave——we'll proceed to Buſineſs.

Sir, I'm by Profeſſion——a Gentleman of——three thouſand Pounds a ——Year Sir, I keep a good pack of Hounds, and a good Stable of Horſes.

To his Groom.] How many Horſes have I, Sirrah?——Sir, this is my Groom. [*Preſenting him to* Eſop.

Groom. Your Worſhip has ſix Coach-Horſes, (Cut and Long-Tail) two Runners, half a dozen Hunters, four Breeding Mares, and two blind Stallions, beſides Pads, Routs, and Dog-Horſes.

Gent. Look yon there, Sir, I ſcorn to tell a Lye. He that queſtions my Honour——he's a Son of a Whore. But to Buſineſs——Having heard, Sir, that you were come to this Town, I have taken the pains to come hither too, tho I had a great deal of Buſineſs upon my hands, for I have appointed three *Juſtices of the Peace* to hunt with 'em this Morning——and be drunk with 'em in the Afternoon. But the main Chance muſt be look'd to——and that's this——I deſire, Sir,, you'll tell the King from me——I don't like theſe Taxes——in one word, as well as in twenty——I don't like theſe Taxes.

Eſop. Pray, Sir, how high may you be tax'd?

Gent. How high may I be tax'd, Sir!——Why I may be tax'd, Sir,——four Shillings in the Pound, Sir; one half I pay in Money——and t'other half I pay in Perjury, Sir, Hey, Joular, Joular, Joular. Haux, haux, haux, haux. haux. Whoo, hoo——Here's the beſt Hound-bitch in *Europe*. Zoons is ſhe. And I had rather kiſs her than kiſs my Wife——Rot me if I had not——But, Sir, I don't like theſe Taxes.

Eſop. Why how wou'd you have the War carry'd on?

Gent.

Gent. War carried on, Sir!——Why, I had rather have no War carried on at all, Sir, than pay Taxes. I don't desire to be ruin'd, Sir.

Esop. Why you say you have three thousand Pounds a Year.

Gent. And so I have, Sir——*Lett-Acre.* Sir, this is my Steward. How much Land have I, *Lett-Acre?*

Lett-Acre. Your Worship has three thausand Paunds a Year, as good Lond as any's i'th' Caunty; and two thausand Paunds worth of Wood to cut dawne at your Worship's Pleasure, and put the Money in your Pocket.

Gent. Look you there, Sir, what have you to say to that?

Esop. I have to say, Sir, that you may pay your Taxes in Money, instead of Perjury, and still have a better Revenue than I'm afraid you deserve. What Service do you do your King, Sir?

Gent. None at all, Sir——I'm above it.

Esop. What Service may you do your Country pray?

Gent. I'm Justice of the Peace——and Captain of the Militia.

Esop. Of what use are you to your Kindred?

Gent. I'm the Head of the Family, and have all the Estate.

Esop. What good do you do your Neighbours?

Gent. I give 'em their Bellies full of Beef every time they come to see me; and make 'em so drunk, they spew it up again before they go away.

Esop. How do you use your Tenants?

Gent. Why, I skrew up their Rents till they break and run away, and if I catch 'em again, I let 'em rot in a Goal.

Esop. How do you treat your Wife?

Gent. I treat her all Day with Ill-nature and Tobacco and all Night with Snoring and a dirty Shirt.

Esop. How do you breed your Children?

Gent. I breed my Eldest Son——a Fool; my youngest breed themselves, and my Daughters——have no Breeding at all.

Eſop. 'Tis very well, Sir, I ſhall be ſure to ſpeak to the King of you; or if you think fit to remonſtrate to him, by way of Petition or Addreſs, how reaſonable it may be to let Men of your Importance go Scot-free, in the time of a neceſſary War, I'll deliver it in Council, and ſpeak to it as I ought.

Gent. Why, Sir, I don't diſapprove your Advice, but my Clerk is not here, and I can't ſpell well.

Eſop. You may get it writ at your leiſure, and ſend it me. But becauſe you are not much us'd to draw up Addreſſes perhaps, I'll tell you in general what kind of one this ought to be.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty ———

To the Gent.] You'll excuſe me if I don't know your Name and Title.

Gent. Sir *Polidorus Hogſtye, of Beaſt-Hall in Swine-County.*

Eſop. Very well.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty; Polidorus Hogſtye, *of* Beaſt-Hall *in* Swine-County, *moſt humbly repreſents, That he hates to pay Taxes, the dreadful Conſequences of 'em being inevitably theſe, That he muſt retrench two Diſhes in ten, where not above ſix of 'em are deſign'd for Gluttony.*

Four Bottles out of twenty; where not above fifteen of 'em are for Drunkenneſs.

Six Horſes out of thirty; of which not above twenty are kept for State.

And four Servants out of a Score; where one half do nothing but make Work for t'other.

To this deplorable Condition muſt your important Subject be redue'd, or forc'd to cut down his Timber, which he wou'd willingly preſerve againſt an Ill Run at Dice.

And as to the Neceſſity of the War for the Security of the Kingdom, he neither knows nor cares whether it be neceſſary or not.

He

He concludes with his Prayers for your Majeſty's Life, upon Condition you will protect him and his Fox-Hounds at Beaſt-Hall *without e'er a Penny of Money.*

To the Gent.] This, Sir, I ſuppoſe, is much what you wou'd be at.

Gent. Exactly, Sir, I'll be ſure to have one drawn up to the ſelf ſame purpoſe; and next Fox-Hunting I'll engage half the Company ſhall ſet their Hands to't.

Sir, I am your——moſt devoted Servant; and if you pleaſe to let me ſee you at *Beaſt-Hall*, here's my Huntſman *Houndsfoot* will ſhew you a Fox ſhall lead you through ſo many Hedges and Briars, you ſhall have no more Clothes on your Back in half an Hour's time—— than you had——in the Womb of your Mother. Haux, haux, haux, *&c.* [*Exit ſhouting.*

Eſop. O Tempora, O Mores:

Enter Mr. Fruitful *and his Wife.*

Mr. *Fruit.* Heavens preſerve the Noble *Eſop*, grant him long Life and happy Days.

Mrs. *Fruit.* And ſend him a fruitful Wife, with a hopeful iſſue.

Eſop. And what is it I'm to do for you, good People, to make you amends for all theſe friendly Wiſhes?

Mr. *Fruit.* Sir, here's myſelf and my Wife ——

Mrs. *Fruit.* Sir, here's I and my Husband——

To her Husband.] Let me ſpeak in my turn, Goodman *Forward.*

To Eſop.] Sir, here's I and my Husband, I ſay, think we have as good Pretenſions to the King's Favour as ever a Lord in the Land.

Eſop. If you have no better than ſome Lords in the Land, I hope you won't expect much for your Service.

Mr. *Fruit.* An't pleaſe you, you ſhall be judge your ſelf.

Mrs. *Fruit.* That's as he gives Sentence, Mr. *Littlewit*; who gave you power to come to a Reference? If he does not do us Right, the King himſelf ſhall; what's to be done here!

To Eſop.] Sir, I'm forc'd to correct my Husband a little; poor Man, he is not us'd to Court-Buſineſs; but

to give him his due, he's ready enough at ſome things: Sir, I have had twenty fine Children by him; fifteen of 'em are alive, and alive like to be; five tall Daughters are wedded and bedded, and ten proper Sons ſerve their King and their Country.

Eſop. A goodly Company, upon my word!

Mrs. *Fruit* Would all Men take as much pains for the peopling the Kingdom, we might tuck up our Aprons, and cry a Fig for our Enemies; but we have ſuch a Parcel of Drones amongſt us——Hold up your Head, Husband——He's a little out of Countenance, Sir, becauſe I chid him; but the Man's a very good Man at the bottom. But to come to my Buſineſs, Sir; I hope his Majeſty will think it reaſonable to allow me ſomething for the Service I have done him; 'tis pity but Labour ſhou'd be encourag'd, eſpecially when what one has done, one has don't with a Good-will.

Eſop. What Profeſſion are you of, good People?

Mrs. *Fruit.* My Husband's an Innkeeper, Sir; he bears the Name, but I govern the Houſe.

Eſop. And what Poſts are your Sons in, in the Service?

Mrs. *Fruit.* Sir, there are four Monks.

Mr. *Fruit.* Three Attorneys.

Mrs. *Fruit.* Two Scriveners.

Mr. *Fruit.* And an Exciſeman.

Eſop. The deux o'the Service; why, I thought they had been all in the Army.

Mrs. *Fruit.* Not one, Sir.

Eſop. No, ſo it ſeems, by my Troth: Ten Sons that ſerve their Country, quoth a! Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners and Exciſe-men, ſerve their Country with a vengeance; you deſerve to be rewarded, truly; you deſerve to be hang'd, you wicked People you. Get you gone out of my ſight: I never was ſo angry in my Life.

[*Exit* Eſop.

Mr, *Fruit. to his Wife.*] So; who's in the right now, you or I? I told you what wou'd come on't; you muſt be

be always a Breeding, and Breeding, and the King wou'd take care of 'em, and the Queen wou'd take care of 'em: And always ſome pretence or other there was. But now we have got a great Kennel of Whelps, and the Devil will take care of 'em, for ought I ſee. For your Sons are all Rogues, and your Daughters are all Whores, you know they are.

Mrs. *Fruit.* What, you are a grudging of your Pains now, you lazy, ſluggiſh, flegmatick Drone. You have a mind to die of a Lethargy, have you? but I'll raiſe your Spirits for you, I will ſo. Get you gone home, go; go home, you idle Sot, you, I'll raiſe your Spirits for you. [*Exit, puſhing him before her.*

Re-enter Eſop.

Eſop ſolus.] Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners, and Exciſe-men!

Enter Oronces.

Or. O here he is. Sir, I have been ſearching for you, to ſay two words to you.

Eſop. And now you have found me, Sir, what are they?

Or. They are, Sir——that my Name's *Oronces*: you comprehend me.

Eſop. I comprehend your Name.

Or. And not my Buſineſs?

Eſop. Not I, by my Troth.

Or. Then I ſhall endeavour to teach it you, Monſieur *Eſop.*

Eſop. And I to learn it, Monſieur *Oronces.*

Or. Know, Sir——that I admire *Euphronia.*

Eſop. Know, Sir——that you are in the right on't.

Or. But I pretend, Sir, that no body elſe ſhall admire her.

Eſop. Then I pretend, Sir, ſhe won't admire you.

Or. Why ſo, Sir?

Eſop. Becauſe, Sir——

Or. What, Sir?

Eſop. She's a Woman, Sir.

Or. What then, Sir?

Eſop. Why then, Sir, ſhe deſires to be admir'd by every Man ſhe meets.

Or. Sir, you are too familiar.

Eſop. Sir, you are too haughty; I muſt ſoften that harſh Tone of yours: It don't becôme you, Sir; it makes a Gentleman appear a Porter, Sir: And that you may know the uſe of good Language, I'll tell you what once happen'd.

Once on a Time———

Or. I'll have none of your old Wives Fables, Sir, I have no Time to loſe; therefore, in a word———

Eſop. In a word, be mild: For nothing elſe will do you Service. Good Manners and ſoft Words have brought many a difficult thing to paſs. Therefore hear me patiently.

A Cook one Day, who had been drinking,
(Only as many times, you know,
You Spruce, Young, Witty Beaux will do,
T' avoid the dreadful pain of Thinking)
Had Orders ſent him to behead
A Gooſe, like any Chaplain fed.
He took ſuch pains to ſet his Knife right,
'T had done one good t' have loſt one's Life by't.
But many Men have many Minds,
There's various Taſtes in various Kinds;
A Swan (who by miſtake he ſeiz'd)
With wretched Life was better pleas'd:
For as he went to give the Blow,
In tuneful Notes ſhe let him know,
She neither was a Gooſe, nor wiſh'd
To make her Exit *ſo.*
The Cook (who thought of nought but Blood,
Except it were the Greaſe,
For that you know's his Fees)
To hear her ſing, in great Amazement ſtood.
Cods-Fiſh, quoth he, 'twas well you ſpoke,
For I was juſt upon the Stroke:
Your Feathers have ſo much of Gooſe,
A drunken Cook cou'd do no leſs
Than think you one; that you'll confeſs:

But

But y'have a Voice so soft, so sweet,
That rather than you shall be eat,
The House shall starve for want of Meat:
And so he turn'd her loose.

To Or.] Now, Sir, what say you? Will you be the Swan, or the Goose?

Or. The Choice can't, sure, be difficult to make;
I hope you will excuse my youthful Heat,
Young Men and Lovers have a claim to Pardon:
But since the Faults of Age have no such Plea,
I hope you'll be more cautious of offending.
The Flame that warms *Euphronia*'s Heart and mine,
Has long, alas! been kindled in our Breasts:
Even Years are past since our two Souls were wed,
'Twou'd be Adultery but to wish to part 'em.
And wou'd a Lump of Clay alone content you,
A Mistress cold and senseless in your Arms,
Without the least Remains or Signs of Life,
Except her Sighs, to mourn her absent Lover?
Whilst you shou'd press her in your eager Arms,
With fond Desire and Extasy of Love,
Wou'd it not pierce you to the very Soul,
To see her Tears run trickling down her Cheeks,
And know their Fountain meant 'em all to me?
Cou'd you bear this?
Yet thus the Gods revenge themselves on those
Who stop the happy Course of mutual Love.
If you must be unfortunate one way,
Chuse that where Justice may support your Grief,
And shun the weighty Curse of injur'd Lovers.

Esop. Why, this is pleading like a Swan indeed!
Were any thing at stake but my *Euphronia*——

Or. Your *Euphronia*, Sir——

Esop. The Goose——take heed——
Were any thing, I say, at stake but her,
Your Plea wou'd be too strong to be refus'd.
But our Debate's about a Lady, Sir,
That's Young, that's Beautiful, that's made for Love.

——So am not I, you'll ſay? But you're miſtaken, Sir; I'm made to love, tho not to be belov'd. I have a Heart like yours; I've Folly too: I've every Inſtrument of Love like others.

Or. But, Sir, you have not been ſo long a Lover; Your Paſſion's young and tender,
'Tis eaſy for you to become its Maſter;
Whilſt I ſhou'd ſtrive in vain; mine's old and fixt.

Eſop. The older 'tis, the eaſier to be govern'd? Were mine of as long a ſtanding, 'twere poſſible I might get the better on't. Old Paſſions are like old Men; weak, and ſoon joſtled into the Kennel.

Or. Yet Age ſometimes is ſtrong, even to the Verge of Life.

Eſop. Ay, but there our Compariſon don't hold.

Or. You are too merry to be much in love.

Eſop. And you too ſad to be ſo long.

Or. My Grief may end my days, ſo quench my Flame, but nothing elſe can e'er extinguiſh it.

Eſop. Don't be diſcourag'd, Sir; I have ſeen many a Man out-live his Paſſion twenty Years.

Or. But I have ſworn to die *Euphronia*'s Slave.

Eſop. A decay'd Face always abſolves a Lover's Oath.

Or. Lovers whoſe Oaths are made to Faces then: But 'tis *Euphronia*'s Soul that I adore, which never can decay.

Eſop. I wou'd fain ſee a young Fellow in love with a Soul of Threeſcore.

Or. Quit but *Euphronia* to me, and you ſhall;
At leaſt if Heaven's Bounty will afford us
But Years enough to prove my Conſtancy,
And this is all I ask the Gods and you. [*Exit* Or.

Eſop *ſolus.*

A good Pretence however to beg long Life.
How groſly do the Inclinations of the Fleſh
Impoſe upon the Simplicity of the Spirit!
Had this young Fellow but ſtudy'd Anatomy, he'd have found the Source of his Paſſion lay far from his Miſtreſs's Soul.
Alas! Alas!

Had

Had Women no more Charms in their Bodies,
Than what they have in their Minds,
We ſhould ſee more wiſe Men in the World,
And much fewer Lovers and Poets. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Euphronia *and* Doris.

Euph. HEavens, what is't you make me do, *Doris?* Apply my ſelf to the Man I loath; beg Favours from him I hate; ſeek a Reprieve from him I abhor; 'tis low, 'tis mean, 'tis baſe in me.

Dor. Why, you hate the Devil as much as you do *Eſop*, (or within a ſmall matter) and ſhould you think it a ſcandal to pray him to let you alone a day or two, if he were a going to run away with you; ha?

Euph. I don't know what I think, nor what I ſay, nor what I do: But ſure thou'rt not my Friend thus to adviſe me.

Dor. I adviſe! I adviſe nothing; e'en follow your own way; marry him, and make much of him. I have a mind to ſee ſome of his Breed; if you like it, I like it; He ſhan't breed out of me only; that's all I have to take care of.

Euph. Prithee don't diſtract me.

Dor. Why, to-morrow's the Day, fix'd and firm, you know it; much Meat, little Order, great many Relations, few Friends, Horſe-play, Noiſe, and bawdy Stories, all's ready for a complete Wedding.

Euph. Oh! what ſhall I do?

Dor. Nay, I know this makes you tremble; and yet your tender Conſcience ſcruples to drop one hypocritical Curt'ſy, and ſay, Pray, Mr. *Eſop*, be ſo kind to defer it a few days longer.

Euph. Thou know'ſt I cannot diſſemble.

Dor. I know you can diſſemble well enough when you ſhou'd not do't. Do you remember how you us'd to plague your poor *Oronces*; make him believe you loath'd him, when you cou'd have kiſs'd the ground he went on; affront him in all publick Places; ridicule him in all Company; abuſe him where-ever you went: and when you had reduc'd him within an Ace of hanging or drowning, then come home with Tears in your Eyes, and cry, Now, *Doris*, let's go lock our ſelves up, and talk of my dear *Oronces:* Is not this true?

Euph. Yes, yes, yes. But, prithee, have ſome Compaſſion of me. Come, I'll do any thing thou bid'ſt me——What ſhall I ſay to this Monſter? Tell me, and I'll obey thee.

Dor. Nay, then there's ſome hopes of you. Why you muſt tell him——— 'Tis natural to you to diſlike Folks at firſt ſight: That ſince you have conſider'd him better, you find your Averſion abated: That tho perhaps it may be a hard matter for you ever to think him a Beau, you don't deſpair in time of finding out his *Je-ne ſcay-quoy*. And that on t'other ſide; tho you have hitherto thought (as moſt young Women do) that nothing cou'd remove your firſt Affection, yet you have very great hopes in the natural Inconſtancy of your Sex.

Tell him, 'tis not impoſſible, a Change may happen, provided he gives you time: But that if he goes to force you, there's another piece of Nature peculiar to Woman, which may chance to ſpoil all, and that's Contradiction: Ring that Argument well in his Ears: He's a Philoſopher, he knows it has weight in it.

In ſhort, wheedle, whine, flatter, lye, weep, ſpare nothing; it's a moiſt Age, Women have Tears enough; and when you have melted him down, and gain'd more time, we'll employ it in Cloſet-debates how to cheat him to the end of the Chapter.

Euph. But you don't conſider, *Doris*, that by this means I engage myſelf to him; and can't afterwards with Honour retreat.

Dor. Madam, I know the World——Honour's a Jeſt, when Jilting's uſeful. Beſides,

Beſides, he that wou'd have you break your Oath with *Oronces*, can never have the Impudence to blame you for cracking your Word with himſelf. But who knows what may happen between the Cup and the Lip? Let either of the old Gentlemen die, and we ride triumphant. Wou'd I cou'd but ſee the Stateſman ſick a little, I'd recommend a Doctor to him, a Couſin of mine, a Man of Conſcience, a wiſe Phyſician; tip but the Wink, he underſtands you.

Euph. Thou wicked Wench, wou'dſt poiſon him?

Dor. I don't know what I wou'd do, I think, I ſtudy, I invent, and ſomehow I will get rid of him. I do more for you, I'm ſure, than you and your Knight-Errant do together for yourſelves.

Euph Alas, both he and I do all we can; thou know'ſt we do.

Dor. Nay, I know y'are willing enough to get together; but y'are a couple of helpleſs Things, Heaven knows.

Euph. Our Stars, thou ſee'ſt, are bent to Oppoſition.

Dor. Stars——I'd fain ſee the Stars hinder me from running away with a Man I lik'd.

Euph. Ay, but thou know'ſt, ſhou'd I diſoblige my Father, he'd give my Portion to my younger Siſter.

Dor. Ay, there the Shoe pinches, there's the Love of the Age! Ah!—to what an ebb of Paſſion are Lovers ſunk in theſe days! Give me a Woman that runs away with a Man, when his whole Eſtate's pack'd up in his Snap-ſack: That tucks up her Coats to her Knees; and thro' thick and thro' thin, from Quarters to Camp, trudges heartily on, with a Child at her Back, another in her Arms, and a Brace in her Belly: There's Flame with a Witneſs, where this is the Effects on't. But we muſt have Love in a Feather-bed: Forſooth, a Coach and ſix Horſes, clean Linen, and a Cawdle! Fie, for ſhame.

O ho, here comes our Man. Now ſhew yourſelf a Woman, if you are one.

Enter

Enter Eſop.

Eſop. I'm told, fair Virgin, you deſire to ſpeak with me. Lovers are apt to flatter themſelves; I take your Meſſage for a Favour. I hope 'twas meant ſo.

Euph. Favours from Women are ſo cheap of late, Men may expect 'em truly without Vanity.

Eſop. If the Women are ſo liberal, I think the Men are generous too on their ſide: 'Tis a well-bred Age, thank Heaven; and a deal of Civility there paſſes between the two Sexes. What Service is't that I can do you, Lady?

Euph. Sir, I have a ſmall Favour to intreat you.

Eſop. What is't? I don't believe I ſhall refuſe you.

Euph. What if you ſhou'd promiſe me you won't?

Eſop. Why then I ſhou'd make a Divorce between my Good-breeding and my Senſe, which ought to be as ſacred a Knot as that of Wedlock.

Euph. Dare you not truſt then, Sir, the thing you love?

Eſop. Not when the thing I love don't love me: Never.

Dor. Truſt is ſometimes the way to be belov'd.

Eſop. Ay, but 'tis oftner the way to be cheated.

Euph. Pray promiſe me you'll grant my Suit.

Dor. 'Tis a reaſonable one, I give you my word for't.

Eſop. If it be ſo, I do promiſe to grant it.

Dor. That's ſtill leaving yourſelf Judge.

Eſop. Why, who's more concern'd in the Trial?

Dor. But no body ought to be Judge in their own Cauſe.

Eſop. Yet he that is ſo, is ſure to have no wrong done him.

Dor. But if he does wrong to others, that's worſe.

Eſop. Worſe for them, but not for him.

Dor. True Politician, by my troth!

Eſop. Men muſt be ſo when they have to do with Sharpers.

Euph. If I ſhould tell you then there were a poſſibility I might be brought to love you, you'd ſcarce believe me.

Eſop.

Eſop. I ſhou'd hope as a Lover, and ſuſpect as a Stateſman.

Dor. aſide.] Love and Wiſdom! There's the Paſſion of the Age again.

Euph. You have liv'd long, Sir, and obſerv'd much: Did you never ſee Time produce ſtrange Changes?

Eſop. Amongſt Women, I muſt confeſs I have.

Euph. Why, I'm a Woman, Sir.

Eſop. Why, truly, that gives me ſome hopes.

Euph. I'll encreaſe 'em, Sir; I have already been in love two years.

Dor. And Time, you know, wears all things to tatters.

Eſop. Well obſerv'd.

Euph. What if you ſhou'd allow me ſome to try what I can do?

Eſop. Why, truly, I would have patience a day or two, if there was as much probability of my being your new Gallant, as perhaps there may be of changing your old one.

Dor. She ſhall give you fair play for't, Sir; Opportunity and Leave to prattle, and that's what carries moſt Women in our days. Nay, ſhe ſhall do more for you. You ſhall play with her Fan; ſqueeze her little Finger; buckle her Shoe; read a Romance to her in the Arbour; and ſaunter in the Woods on a Moonſhiny Night. If this don't melt her, ſhe's no Woman, or you no Man——

Eſop. I'm not a Man to melt a Woman that way: I know myſelf, and know what they require. 'Tis thro' a Woman's Eye you pierce her Heart. And I've no Darts can make their entrance there.

Dor. You are a great Stateſman, Sir; but I find you know little of our Matters. A Woman's Heart is to be enter'd forty ways. Every Senſe ſhe has about her keeps a door to it. With a Smock-face, and a Feather, you get in at her Eyes. With powerful Nonſenſe, in ſoft words, you creep in at her Ears. An eſſenc'd Peruke, and a ſweet Handkerchief, let's you in at her Noſe. With a Treat, and a Box full of Sweet-meats, you ſlip in

at

at her Mouth: and if you would enter by her Senſe of Feeling, 'tis as beaten a Road as the reſt. What think you now, Sir? *There are more ways to the Woods than one*, you ſee.

Eſop. Why, you're an admirable Pilot; I don't doubt but you have ſteer'd many a Ship ſafe to Harbour: But I'm an old ſtubborn Seaman; I muſt ſail by my own Compaſs ſtill.

Euph. And, by your Obſtinacy, loſe your Veſſel.

Eſop. No: I'm juſt entring into Port; we'll be married to-morrow.

Euph. For Heaven's ſake defer it ſome days longer: I cannot love you yet, indeed I cannot.

Eſop. Nor never will, I dare ſwear.

Euph. Why then will you marry me?

Eſop. Becauſe I love you.

Euph. If you lov'd me, you wou'd never make me miſerable.

Eſop. Not if I lov'd you for your ſake; but I love you for my own.

Dor. aſide.] There's an old Rogue for you.

Euph. weeping.] Is there no way left! muſt I be wretched?

Eſop. 'Tis but reſolving to be pleas'd. You can't imagine the ſtrength of Reſolution. I have ſeen a Woman reſolve to be in the wrong all the days of her Life; and by the help of her Reſolution, ſhe has kept her word to a tittle.

Euph. Methinks the Subject we're upon ſhou'd be of weight enough to make you ſerious.

Eſop. Right: To-morrow Morning pray be ready; You'll find me ſo: I'm ſerious. Now I hope you are pleas'd. [*Turning away from her.*

Euph. Going off weeping, and leaning upon Doris.] Break Heart! For if thou holdſt, I'm miſerable.

Dor. to Eſop.] Now may the Extravagance of a lewd Wife, with the Inſolence of a virtuous one, join hand in hand, to bring thy grey Hairs to the Grave.

[*Exeunt* Euphronia *and* Doris.

Eſop. My old Friend wiſhes me well to the laſt, I ſee.

Enter

Enter Learchus *haſtily, follow'd by* Oronces.

Or. Pray hear me, Sir.

Lear. 'Tis in vain: I'm reſolv'd I tell you.
Moſt noble *Eſop*, ſince you are pleas'd to accept of my poor Off-ſpring for your Conſort, be ſo charitable to my old Age, to deliver me from the Impertinence of Youth, by making her your Wife this inſtant; for there's a Plot againſt my Life; they have reſolv'd to teaze me to Death to-night, that they may break the Match to-morrow Morning. Marry her this inſtant, I intreat you.

Eſop. This inſtant, ſay you!

Lear. This inſtant; this very inſtant.

Eſop. 'Tis enough; get all things ready; I'll be with you in a moment. [*Exit* Eſop.

Lear. Now, what ſay you, Mr. *Flame-fire?* I ſhall have the whip-hand of you preſently.

Or. Defer it till to-morrow, Sir.

Lear. That you may run away with her to-night; Ha?——
Sir, your moſt obedient, humble Servant.
Hey, who waits there? Call my Daughter to me: Quick.
I'll give her her Diſpatches preſently.

Enter Euphronia.

Euph. D'ye call, Sir?

Lear. Yes I do, Minx. Go ſhift yourſelf, and put on your beſt Clothes. You are to be marry'd.

Euph. Marry'd, Sir?

Lear. Yes, marry'd, Madam; and that this inſtant too.

Euph. Dear, Sir!

Lear. Not a word: Obedience and a clean Smock; Diſpatch. [*Exit* Euphronia *weeping.*
Learchus *going off, turns to* Oronces.] Sir, your moſt obedient humble Servant.

Or. Yet hear what I've to ſay.

Lear. And what have you to ſay, Sir?

Or. Alas! I know not what I have to ſay!

Lear. Very like ſo. That's a ſure ſign he's in love now.

Or.

Or. Have you no Bowels?

Lear. Ha, ha! Bowels in a Parent! Here's a young Fellow for you. Hark thee, Stripling; being in a very merry humour, I don't care if I diſcover ſome paternal Secrets to thee.

Know then, that how humourſome, how whimſical ſoever we may appear, there's one fixt Principle that runs thro' almoſt the whole Race of us; and that's to pleaſe ourſelves. Why do'ſt think I got my Daughter? Why, there was ſomething in't that pleas'd me. Why do'ſt think I marry my Daughter? Why to pleaſe myſelf ſtill. And what is't that pleaſes me? Why, my Intereſt; what do'ſt think it ſhou'd be? If *Eſop*'s my Son-in-Law, he'll make me a Lord: If thou art my Son-in-Law——————thou'lt make me a Grandfather. Now I having more mind to be a Lord than a Grandfather, give my Daughter to him, and not to thee.

Or. Then ſhall her Happineſs weigh nothing with you?

Lear. Not this. If it did, I'd give her to thee, and not to him.

Or. Do you think forc'd Marriage the way to keep Women virtuous?

Lear. No; nor I don't care whether Women are virtuous or not.

Or. You know your Daughter loves me.

Lear. I do ſo.

Or. What if the Children that *Eſop* may happen to father ſhou'd chance to be begot by me?

Lear. Why, then *Eſop* wou'd be the Cuckold, not I.

Or. Is that all your Care?

Lear. Yes: I ſpeak as a Father.

Or. What think you of your Child's Concern in t'other World?

Lear. Why, I think it my Child's Concern, not mine. I ſpeak as a Father.

Or. Do you remember you once gave me your Conſent to wed your Daughter?

Lear. I did.

Or. Why did you ſo?

Lear.

Lear. Becauſe you were the beſt Match that offer'd at that time. I did like a Father.

Or. Why then, Sir, I do like a Lover. I'll make you keep your word, or cut your Throat.

Lear. Who waits there, ha?

Enter Servants.

Seize me that Bully there. Carry him to Priſon, and keep him ſafe. [*They ſeize him.*

Or. Why, you won't uſe me thus?

Lear. Yes, but I will tho: away with him. Sir, your moſt humble Servant: I wiſh you a good Night's reſt; and as far as a merry Dream goes, my Daughter's at your Service.

Or. Death and Furies! [*Exeunt Serv. with* Oron.

Lear. ſinging.] *Dol, de tol dol, dol, de tol dol:*
Lilly Burleighre's lodg'd in a Bough.

Enter a Troop of Muſicians, Dancers, &c.

Lear. How now! What have we got here?

Muſ. Sir, we are a Troop of trifling Fellows, Fiddlers, and Dancers, come to celebrate the Wedding of your fair Daughter, if your Honour pleaſes to give us leave.

Lear. With all my heart: but who do you take me for, Sir; Ha?

Muſ. I take your Honour for our noble Governor of *Syſicus*.

Lear. Governor of *Syſicus*; Governor of a Cheeſe-Cake! I'm Father-in-law to the great *Eſop*, Sirrah.

All bow to him.

Aſide.]——I ſhall be a great Man.
Come, tune your Fiddles; ſhake your Legs; get all things ready. My Son-in-law will be here preſently——I ſhall be a great Man. [*Exit.*

Muſ. A great Marriage, Brother: What do'ſt think will be the end on't?

2 *Muſ.* Why, I believe we ſhall ſee three Turns upon't. This old Fellow here will turn Fool; his Daughter will turn Strumpet; and his Son-in-law will turn 'em both out of doors. But that's nothing to thee nor me, as long as we are paid for our Fiddling. So tune away, Gentlemen.

1 *Muſ.*

1 *Muſ.* D'ye hear, Trumpets! When the Bride appears, ſalute her with a melancholy Waft. 'Twill ſuit her Humour; for I gueſs ſhe mayn't be over-well pleas'd.

Enter Learchus *with ſeveral Friends, and a Prieſt.*

Lear. Gentlemen and Friends, y'are all welcome. I have ſent to as many of you as our ſhort time wou'd give me leave, to deſire you wou'd be Witneſſes of the Honour the great *Eſop* deſigns ourſelf and Family. Hey; who attends there?

Go let my Daughter know I wait for her.

[*Exit Servants.*

——'Tis a vaſt Honour that is done me, Gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* It is indeed, my Lord.

Lear. aſide.] Look you there; if they don't call me my Lord already——I ſhall be a great Man.

Enter Euphronia *weeping, and leaning upon* Doris, *both in deep Mourning.*

Lear. How now! What's here? All in deep Mourning! Here's a provoking Baggage for you.

[*The Trumpets ſound a melancholy Air till* Eſop *appears; and then the Violins and Hautboys ſtrike up a* Lancaſhire *Hornpipe.*

Enter Eſop *in a gay foppiſh Dreſs, Long Peruke,* &c. *a gaudy Equipage of Pages and Footmen, all enter in an airy briſk manner.*

Eſop, *in an affected Tone to* Euphronia.] Gad take my Soul, Mame, I hope I ſhall pleaſe you now——— Gentlemen all, I'm your humble Servant. I'm going to be a very happy Man, you ſee.

To Euph.] When the heat of the Ceremony's over, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes, Mame, I'll wait upon you to take the Air in the Park. Hey, Page; let there be a Coach and ſix Horſes ready inſtantly.

Obſerving her Dreſs.]——I vow to Gad, Mame, I was ſo taken up with my good Fortune, I did not obſerve the extreme Fancy of your Ladyſhip's Wedding-Clothes——— Infinitely pretty, as I hope to be ſav'd; a World of Variety, and not at all gaudy.

To Lear.]—My dear Father-in-law, embrace me.

Lear.

Lear. Your Lordſhip does me too much Honour.

Aſide.]——I ſhall be a great Man.

Eſop. Come, Gentlemen, are all things ready? Where's the Prieſt?

Prieſt. Here, my noble Lord.

Eſop. Moſt Reverend————Will you pleaſe to ſay Grace that I may fall to, for I'm very hungry, and here's very good Meat. But where's my Rival all this while? The leaſt we can do, is to invite him to the Wedding.

Lear. My Lord, he's in Priſon.

Eſop. In Priſon! how ſo?

Lear. He would have murder'd me.

Eſop. A bloody Fellow! But let's ſee him however. Send for him quickly.

Ha, Governor——that handſome Daughter of yours, I will ſo mumble her————

Lear. I ſhall be a great Man.

Enter Oronces *pinion'd and guarded.*

Eſop. O ho, here's my Rival! Then we have all we want. Advance, Sir, if you pleaſe. I deſire you'll do me the favour to be a witneſs to my Marriage, leſt one of theſe days you ſhou'd take a fancy to diſpute my Wife with me.

Or. Do you then ſend for me to inſult me? 'Tis baſe in you.

Eſop. I have no time now to throw away upon Points of Generoſity; I have hotter Work upon my hands. Come, Prieſt, advance.

Lear. Pray hold him faſt there; he has the Devil and all of Miſchief in's Eye.

Eſop to Euph.] Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe, Mame, to give me your fair Hand——hey-dey.

[*She refuſes her Hand.*

Lear. I'll give it you, my noble Lord, if ſhe won't.

Aſide.] A ſtubborn, ſelf-will'd, ſtiff-necked Strumpet.

[Learchus *holds out her Hand to* Eſop, *who takes it*; Oronces *ſtands on* Eſop's *left Hand, and the Prieſt before 'em.*

Eſop.

Eſop. Let my Rival ſtand next me: Of all Men I'd have him be ſatisfy'd.

Or. Barbarous inhuman Monſter!

Eſop. Now, Prieſt, do thy Office.

Flouriſh with the Trumpets.

Prieſt. Since the eternal Laws of Fate decree,
That He, thy Husband; She, thy Wife ſhou'd be,
May Heaven take you to its Care,
May *Jupiter* look down,
Place on your Heads Contentment's Crown;
And may his Godhead never frown
Upon this happy Pair. [*Flouriſh again of Trumpets.*

[*As the Prieſt pronounces the laſt Line,* Eſop *joins* Oronces *and* Euphronia's *Hands.*

Or. O happy Change! Bleſſings on Bleſſings wait on the generous *Eſop.*

Eſop. Happy, thrice happy may you ever be,
And if you think there's ſomething due to me,
Pay it in mutual Love and Conſtancy.

Euph. to Eſop.] You'll pardon me, moſt generous Man, if in the preſent Tranſports of my Soul, which you yourſelf have by your Bounty caus'd, my willing Tongue is ty'd from uttering the Thoughts that flow from a moſt grateful Heart.

Eſop. For what I've done I merit little Thanks,
Since what I've done, my Duty bound me to.
I wou'd your Father had acquitted his:
But he who's ſuch a Tyrant o'er his Children,
To ſacrifice their Peace to his Ambition,
Is fit to govern nothing but himſelf.

To Lear.] And therefore, Sir at my return to Court
I ſhall take care this City may be ſway'd
By more Humanity than dwells in you.

Lear. aſide.] I ſhall be a great Man.

Euph. to Eſop.] Had I not reaſon, from your conſtant Goodneſs,
To judge your Bounty, Sir, is infinite,
I ſhou'd not dare to ſue for farther Favours:
But pardon me, if imitating Heaven and you,
I eaſily forgive my aged Father,

And

And beg that *Eſop* would forgive him too.

[*Kneeling to him.*

Eſop. The Injury he wou'd have done to you was great indeed: But 'twas a Bleſſing he deſign'd for me. If therefore you can pardon him, I may.

To Lear.] Your injur'd Daughter, Sir, has on her Knees intreated for her cruel barbarous Father; and by her Goodneſs has obtain'd her Suit. If in the Remnant of your days you can find out ſome way to recompenſe her, do it, that Men and Gods may pardon you, as ſhe and I have done. But let me ſee, I have one Quarrel ſtill to make up. Where's my old Friend, *Doris?*

Dor. She's here, Sir, at your Service; and as much your Friend as ever: True to her Principles, and firm to her Miſtreſs. But ſhe has a much better Opinion of you now than ſhe had half an hour ago.

Eſop. She has reaſon: For my Soul appear'd then as deform'd as my Body. But I hope now one may ſo far mediate for t'other, that provided I don't make Love, the Women won't quarrel with me; for they are worſe Enemies even than they are Friends.

Come, Gentlemen, I'll humour my Dreſs a little longer, and ſhare with you in the Diverſions theſe boon Companions have prepar'd us. Let's take our Places, and ſee how they can divert us.

Eſop *leads the Bride to her Place. All being ſeated, there's a ſhort Conſort of Hautboys, Trumpets,* &c. *After which a Dance between an old Man and a young Woman, who ſhuns him ſtill as he comes near her. At laſt he ſtops, and begins this Dialogue; which they ſing together.*

Old Man.

Why ſo cold, and why ſo coy?
What I want in Youth and Fire,
I have in Love and in Deſire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy?
Why ſo cold, and why ſo coy?

Woman.

Woman.

'Tis Sympathy perhaps with you;
You are cold, and I'm ſo too.

Old Man.

My Years alone have froze my Blood;
Youthful Heat in Female Charms,
Glowing in my aged Arms,
Wou'd melt it down once more into a Flood.

Woman.

Women, alas, like Flints, ne'er burn alone;
To make a Virgin know
There's Fire within the Stone,
Some manly Steel muſt boldly ſtrike the Blow.

Old Man.

Aſſiſt me only with your Charms,
You'll find I'm Man, and ſtill am bold;
You'll find I ſtill can ſtrike, tho old:
I only want your Aid to raiſe my Arm.

[*Enter a* Youth, *who ſeizes on the young Woman.*]

Youth.

Who talks of Charms, who talks of Aid?
I bring an Arm
That wants no Charm,
To rouze the Fire that's in a flinty Maid.
Retire old Age
——Winter be gone:
Behold the youthful Spring comes gayly on.
Here, here's a Torch to light a Virgin's Fire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;
When Women have what they deſire,
They're neither cold nor coy.

[She takes him in her Arms.

The Song and Dance ended, Eſop *takes* Euphronia *and* Oronces *by the Hands, leading them forwards.*

Eſop. By this time, my young eager Couple, 'tis probable you wou'd be glad to be alone; perhaps you'll have a mind to go to Bed even without your Supper; for Brides and Bridegrooms eat little on their Wedding-Night. But ſince if Matrimony were worn as it ought

to

to be, it wou'd perhaps ſit eaſier about us than uſually it does, I'll give you one word of Counſel, and ſo I ſhall releaſe you.

When one is out of Humour, let the other be dumb.

Let your Diverſions be ſuch as Both may have a ſhare in 'em.

Never let Familiarity exclude Reſpect.

Be clean in your Clothes, but nicely ſo in your Perſons.

Eat at one Table, lie in one Room, but ſleep in two Beds:

I'll tell the Ladies why.

Turning to the Boxes.

In the ſprightly Month of May,
When Males and Females ſport and play,
And kiſs and toy away the Day;
An eager Sparrow and his Mate,
Chirping on a Tree were ſate,
Full of Love——and full of Prate.
They talkt of nothing but their Fires,
Of raging Heats, and ſtrong Deſires,
Of eternal Conſtancy;
How true and faithful they wou'd be,
Of this and that, and endleſs Joys,
And a thouſand more ſuch Toys:
The only thing they apprehended,
Was that their Lives wou'd be ſo ſhort,
They cou'd not finiſh half their Sport
Before their Days were ended.
But as from Bough to Bough they rove,
They chanc'd at laſt
In furious haſte,
On a Twig with Birdlime ſpread,
(Want of a more downy Bed)
To act a Scene of Love.
Fatal it prov'd to both their Fires.
For tho at length they broke away,
And baulk'd the School-Boy of his Prey,
Which made him weep the live-long Day,
The Bridegroom, in the haſty ſtriſe,
Was ſtuck ſo faſt to his dear Wife,

That

That tho he us'd his utmoſt Art,
He quickly found it was in vain,
To put himſelf to farther Pain,
They never more muſt part.
A gloomy Shade o'ercaſt his Brow;
He found himſelf——I know not how:
He look'd——as Husbands often do.
Where-e'er he mov'd, he felt her ſtill,
She kiſs'd him oft againſt his Will:
Abroad, at Home, at Bed and Board,
With Favours ſhe o'erwhelm'd her Lord.
Oft he turn'd his Head away,
And ſeldom had a Word to ſay.
Which abſolutely ſpoil'd her Play,
For ſhe was better ſtor'd.
Howe'er at length her Stock was ſpent,
(For Female Fires ſometimes may be
Subject to Mortality;)
So Back to Back they ſit, and ſullenly repent.
But the mute Scene was quickly ended,
The Lady, for her ſhare, pretended
The want of Love lay at his door;
For her part ſhe had ſtill in ſtore
Enough for him, and twenty more,
Which cou'd not be contended.
He anſwer'd her in homely words,
(For Sparrows are but ill-bred Birds)
That he already had enjoy'd
So much, that truly he was cloy'd.
Which ſo provok'd her Spleen,
That after ſome good hearty Prayers,
A Joſtle, and ſome ſpiteful Tears,
They fell together by the ears,
And ne'er were fond again.

ESOP.

PART II.

Enter Players.

Eſop. WELL, good People, who are all you?

Omnes. Sir, we are Players.

Eſop. Players! What Players?

Play. Why, Sir, we are Stage-Players, that's our Calling: Tho we play upon other things too; ſome of us play upon the Fiddle; ſome play upon the Flute; we play upon one another; we play upon the Town; and we play upon the Patentees.

Eſop. Patentees! Prithee, what are they?

Play. Why, they are, Sir——Sir, they are——! Cod I don't know what they are——Fiſh or Fleſh——Maſters or Servants——Sometimes one——Sometimes t'other, I think——Juſt as we are in the Mood.

Eſop. Why, I thought they had a lawful Authority over you.

Play. Lawful Authority, Sir——Sir, we are free-born *Engliſhmen*, we care not for Law nor Authority neither, when we are out of humour.

Eſop. But I think they pretended at leaſt to an Authority over you; pray upon what Foundation was it built?

Play. Upon a rotten one ——— if you'll believe us. Sir, I'll tell you what the Projectors did: They imbark'd twenty thouſand Pound upon a leaky Veſſel ——— She was built at *Whitehall*; I think they call'd her —— the Patent——ay, the Patent: Her Keel was made of a Broad Seal——— and the King gave 'em a white Staff for their Main-Maſt. She was a pretty tight Frigot to look upon, indeed: They ſpar'd nothing to ſet her off; they gilded her, and painted her, and rigg'd, and gunn'd her: and ſo ſent her a Privateering. But the firſt Storm that blew, down went the Maſt, aſhoar went the Ship—Crack ſays the Keel, Mercy cry'd the Pilot; but the Wind was ſo high, his Pray'rs cou'd not be heard——ſo they ſplit upon a Rock ——— that lay hid under a Petticoat.

Eſop. A very ſad Story, this: But what became of the Ship's Company?

Play. Why, Sir, your humble Servants here, who were the Officers, and the beſt of the Sailors———(little *Ben* amongſt the reſt) ſeiz'd on a ſmall Bark that lay to our Hand, and away we put to Sea again. To ſay the truth, we were better mann'd than rigg'd, and Ammunition was plaguy ſcarce amongſt us —— However, a cruiſing we went, and ſome petty ſmall Prizes we have made; but the Bleſſing of Heaven not being among us———Or how the Devil 'tis, I can't tell; but we are not rich.

Eſop. Well, but what became of the reſt of the Crew?

Play. Why, Sir, as for the Scoundrels, they, poor Dogs, ſtuck by the Wrack. The Captain gave them Bread and Cheeſe, and good Words——He told them, if they wou'd patch her up, and venture t'other Cruiſe, he'd prefer 'em all; ſo to work they went, and to Sea they got her.

Eſop.

Eſop. I hope he kept his word with 'em.

Play. That he did; he made the Boatſwain's Mate Lieutenant; he made the Cook Doctor: he was forc'd to be Purſer, and Pilot, and Gunner himſelf; and the Swabber took Orders to be Chaplain.

Eſop. But with ſuch unskilful Officers, I'm afraid, they'll hardly keep above Water long.

Play. Why truly, Sir, we care not how ſoon they are under: But curſt Folks thrive, I think. I know nothing elſe that makes 'em ſwim. I'm ſure, by the Rules of Navigation, they ought to have over-ſet long ſince; for they carry a great deal of Sail, and have very little Ballaſt.

Eſop. I'm afraid you ruin one another. I fanſy if you were all in a Ship together again, you'd have leſs Work, and more Profit.

Play. Ah, Sir——we are reſolved we'll never ſail under Captain Patentee again.

Eſop. Prithee, why ſo?

Play. Sir, he has us'd us like Dogs.

Wom. ——And Bitches too, Sir.

Eſop. I'm ſorry to hear that; pray how was't he treated you?

Play. Sir, 'tis impoſſible to tell; he us'd us like the *Engliſh* at *Amboyna*————

Eſop. But I wou'd know ſome Particulars; tell me what 'twas he did to you.

Play. What he did, Sir,——why, he did in the firſt place, Sir————In the firſt place, Sir, he did——I Cod I don't know what he did ———— Can you tell, Wife?

Wom. Yes, marry can I; and a burning Shame it was too.

Play. O, I remember now, Sir, he wou'd not give us Plumbs enough in our Pudding.

Eſop. That indeed was very hard; but did he give you as many as he promis'd you?

Play. Yes, and more; but what of all that, we had not as many as we had a mind to————

1 *Wom.* Sir, my Husband tells you Truth————

Eſop. I believe he may; but what other wrongs did he do you?

1 *Wom.* Why, Sir, he did not treat me with Reſpect; 'twas not one Day in three he wou'd ſo much as bid me good-morrow———

2 *Wom.* Sir, he invited me to Dinner, and never drank my Health.

1 *Wom.* Then he cock'd his Hat at Mrs. *Pert.*

2 *Wom.* Yes, and told Mrs. *Slippery* he had as good a Face as ſhe had.

Eſop. Why, theſe were inſufferable Abuſes——

2 *Play.* Then, Sir, I did but come to him one day—and tell him I wanted fifty Pound, and what do you think he did by me, Sir——Sir, he turn'd round upon his Heel like a Top———

1 *Play.* But that was nothing to the Affront he put upon me, Sir. I came to him, and in very civil words, as I thought, deſir'd him to double my Pay: Sir, wou'd you believe it? He had the barbarity to ask me if I intended to double my Work; and becauſe I told him no, Sir——he did uſe me, good Lord, how he did uſe me.

Eſop. Prithee how?

1 *Play.* Why he walk'd off, and anſwer'd me never a word.

Eſop. How had you Patience?

1 *Play.* Sir, I had not Patience. I ſent him a Challenge; and what do you think his Anſwer was —— he ſent me word I was a ſcoundrel Son of a Whore, and he wou'd only fight me by Proxy———

Eſop. Very fine!

1 *Play.* At this rate, Sir, were we poor Dogs us'd—till one froſty Morning down he comes amongſt us—and very roundly tells us—— That for the future, no Purchaſe no Pay. They that wou'd not work ſhould not eat———Sir, we at firſt ask'd him coolly and civilly———why? His Anſwer was, becauſe the Town wanted Diverſion, and he wanted Money——— Our Reply to this, Sir, was very ſhort; but I think to the purpoſe.

Eſop.

Eſop. What was it?

1 *Play.* It was, Sir, that ſo we wallow'd in Plenty and Eaſe——the Town and he might be damn'd——This, Sir, is the true Hiſtory of Separation——and we hope you'll ſtand our Friend——

Eſop. I'll tell you what, Sirs——

I once a Pack of Beagles knew——
That much reſembled I know who;
With a good Huntſman at their Tail,
In full Command,
With Whip in Hand,
They'd run apace
The Chearful Chace,
And of their Game were ſeldom known to fail.
But being at length their chance to find
A Huntſman of a gentler Kind,
They ſoon perceiv'd the Rein was ſlack,
The word went quickly thro' the Pack——
They one and all cry'd Liberty;
This happy moment we are free,
We'll range the Woods,
Like Nymphs and Gods,
And ſpend our Mouths in praiſe of Mutiny.
With that old Jowler *trots away,*
And Bowman *ſingles out his Prey;*
Thunder *bellow'd thro' the Wood,*
And ſwore he'd burſt his Guts with Blood.
Venus *tript it o'er the Plain,*
With boundleſs Hopes of boundleſs Gain.
——Juno, *ſhe ſlipt down the Hedge,*
But left her Sacred Word for Pledge;
That all ſhe pick't up by the by——
Shou'd to the publick Treaſury.
And well they might rely upon her;
For Juno *was a Bitch of Honour.*
In ſhort they all had hopes to ſee
A heavenly Crop of Mutiny,
And ſo to reaping fell:

But in a little time they found,
It was the Devil had till'd the Ground,
And brought the Seed from Hell.
The Pack divided, nothing throve:
Diſcord ſeiz'd the Throne of Love.
Want and Miſery all endure.
All take pains, and all grow poor.
When they had toil'd the live-long day,
And came at night to view their Prey,
Oft alas ſo ill they'd ſped,
That half went ſupperleſs to Bed.
At length they all in Council ſate,
Where at a very fair Debate,
It was agreed at laſt,
That Slavery with Eaſe and Plenty,
When Hounds were ſomething turn'd of twenty,
Was much a better Fate,
Than 'twas to work and faſt.

1 *Play.* Well, Sir——and what did they do then?

Eſop. Why they all went home to their Kennel again. If you think they did wiſely, you'll do well to follow their Example. [*Exit* Eſop.

1 *Play.* Well, Beagles, what think you of the little Gentleman's Advice?

2 *Wom.* I think he's a little ugly Philoſopher, and talks like a Fool.

1 *Play.* Ay, why there's it now! If he had been a tall handſome Blockhead, he had talk'd like a wiſe Man.

2 *Wom.* Why, do you think, Mr. *Jowler*, that we'll ever join again?

1 *Play.* I do think, ſweet Mrs. *Juno*, that if we do not join again, you muſt be a little freer of your Carcaſe than you are, or you muſt bring down your Pride to a Serge Petticoat.

1 *Wom.* And do you think, Sir, after the Affronts I have receiv'd, the Patent and I can ever be Friends?

1 *Play.* I do think, Madam, that if my Intereſt had not been more affronted than your Face, the Patent and you had never been Foes.

1 *Wom.*

1 *Wom.* And ſo, Sir, then you have ſerious thoughts of a Reconciliation!

1 *Play.* Madam, I do believe I may.

1 *Wom.* Why then, Sir, give me leave to tell you, that—make it my Intereſt, and I'll have ſerious thoughts on't too.

2 *Wom.* Nay, if you are thereabouts, I deſire to come into the Treaty.

3 *Play.* And I.

4 *Play.* And I.

2 *Play.* And I. No ſeparate Peace. None of your *Turin* Play, I beſeech you.

1 *Play.* Why then, ſince you are all ſo Chriſtianly diſpos'd——I think we had beſt adjourn immediately to our Council-Chamber; chuſe ſome potent Prince for Mediator and Guarantee——Fix upon the place of Treaty, diſpatch our Plenipo's, and whip up the Peace like an Oyſter. For under the Roſe, my Confederates, here is ſuch a damn'd Diſcount upon our Bills, I'm afraid, if we ſtand it out another Campaign, we muſt live upon ſlender Subſiſtance. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Country Gentleman, who walks to and fro, looking angrily upon Eſop.

Eſop. Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir?

Gent. ——I can't tell whether I have or not.

Eſop. You ſeem diſturb'd, Sir.

Gent. I'm always ſo at the ſight of a Courtier.

Eſop. Pray what may it be, that gives you ſo great an Antipathy to 'em?

Gent. My Profeſſion.

Eſop. What's that?

Gent. Honeſty.

Eſop. 'Tis an honeſt Profeſſion. I hope, Sir, for the general Good of Mankind, you are in ſome publick Employment.

Gent. So I am, Sir,——no Thanks to the Court.

Eſop. You are then, I ſuppoſe, imploy'd by——

Gent. My Country.

Eſop. Who have made you——

Gent. A Senator.

Eſop. Sir, I reverence you. *Bowing.*

Gent. Sir, you may reverence as low as you pleaſe; but I ſhall ſpare none of you. Sir, I am intruſted by my Country with above Ten Thouſand of their Grievances, and in order to redreſs them, my Deſign is to hang ten thouſand Courtiers.

Eſop. Why, 'tis making ſhort work, I muſt confeſs but are you ſure, Sir, that wou'd do't?

Gent. Sure,——Ay, ſure.

Eſop. How do you know?

Gent. Why, the whole Country ſays ſo, and I at the Head of 'em. Now let me ſee who dares ſay the contrary.

Eſop. Not I, truly. But, Sir, if you won't take it ill, I'll ask you a Queſtion or two.

Gent. Sir, I ſhall take ill what I pleaſe. And if you, or e'er a Courtier of you all pretend the contrary, I ſay, it's a Breach of Privilege—— Now put your Queſtion, if you think fit.

Eſop. Why then, Sir, with all due regard to your Character, and your Privilege too, I wou'd be glad to know what you chiefly complain of?

Gent. Why, Sir, I do chiefly complain, that we have
A great many Ships, and very little Trade;
A great many Tenants, and very little Money;
A great many Soldiers, and very little fighting;
A great many *Gazettes*, and little good News;
A great many Stateſmen, and very little Wiſdom;
A great many Parſons, and not an Ounce of Religion.

Eſop. Why truly, Sir; I do confeſs theſe are Grievances very well worth your redreſſing. I perceive you are truly ſenſible of our Diſeaſes, but I'm afraid you are a little out in the Cure.

Gent. Sir, I perceive you take me for a Country-Phyſician: But you ſhall find, Sir, that a Country-Doctor is able to deal with a Court-Quack; and to ſhew you that I do underſtand ſomething of the State of the Body Politick, I will tell you, Sir, that I have heard a wiſe Man ſay, The Court is the Stomach of the Nation, in which, if the Buſineſs be not thorowly digeſted, the

the whole Carcaſe will be in diſorder. Now, Sir, I do find by the Feebleneſs of the Members, and the Vapours that fly into the Head, that this ſame Stomach is full of Indigeſtions, which muſt be remov'd: And therefore, Sir, I am come Poſt to Town with my Head full of *Crocus Mem.* and deſign to give the Court a Vomit.

Eſop. Sir, the Phyſick you mention, tho neceſſary ſometimes, is of too violent a Nature to be us'd without a great deal of Caution. I'm afraid you are a little too raſh in your Preſcriptions. Is it not poſſible you may be miſtaken in the Cauſe of the Diſtemper?

Gent. Sir, I do not think it poſſible I ſhou'd be miſtaken in any thing.

Eſop. Have you been long a Senator?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. Have you been much about Town?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. Have you convers'd much with Men of Buſineſs?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. Have you made any ſerious Enquiry into the preſent Diſorders of the Nation?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. Have you ever heard what the Men now imploy'd in Buſineſs have to ſay for themſelves?

Gent. No, Sir.

Eſop. How then do you know they deſerve to be puniſh'd for the preſent Diſorders in your Affairs?

Gent. I'll tell you how I know.

Eſop. I would be glad to hear.

Gent. Why, I know by this——I know it, I ſay, by this——that I'm ſure on't——And to give you Demonſtration that I'm ſure on't, there is not one Man in a good Poſt in the Nation——but I'd give my Vote to hang him: Now I hope you are convinc'd.

Eſop. As for Example: The firſt Miniſter of State, why wou'd you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he gives bad Counſel.

Eſop. How do you know?

Gent. Why they ſay ſo.

Eſop. And who would you put in his room?

Gent. One that would give better.

Eſop. Who's that?

Gent. My ſelf.

Eſop. The Secretary of State, why wou'd you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he has not good Intelligence.

Eſop. How do you know?

Gent. I have heard ſo.

Eſop. And who would you put in his Place?

Gent. My Father.

Eſop. The Treaſurer, why would you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he does not underſtand his Buſineſs.

Eſop. How do you know?

Gent. I dreamt ſo.

Eſop. And who would you have ſucceed him?

Gent. My Uncle.

Eſop. The Admiral, why would you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he has not deſtroy'd the Enemies.

Eſop. How do you know he could do it?

Gent. Why, I believe ſo.

Eſop. And who would you have command in his ſtead?

Gent. My Brother.

Eſop. And the General, why would you hang him?

Gent. Becauſe he took ne'er a Town laſt Campaign.

Eſop. And how do you know 'twas in his power?

Gent. Why I don't care a Souſe whether it was in his power or not. But I have a Son at home, a brave chapping Lad; he has been Captain in the Militia theſe twelve Months, and I'd be glad to ſee him in his Place. What do ye ſtare for, Sir? ha! I gad I tell you he'd ſcour all to the Devil. He's none of your Fencers, none of your ſa-ſa Men. *Numphs* is downright, that's his Play. You may ſee his Courage in his Face: He has a pair of Cheeks like two Bladders, a Noſe as flat as your Hand, and a Forehead like a Bull.

Eſop. In ſhort, Sir, I find if you and your Family were provided for, things would ſoon grow better than they do.

Gent.

Gent. And ſo they wou'd, Sir. Clap me at the head of the State, and *Numphs* at the Head of the Army: He with his Club-Muſquet, and I with my Club-Head-piece, we'd ſoon put an end to your Buſineſs.

Eſop. I believe you wou'd indeed. And therefore ſince I happen to be acquainted with your extraordinary Abilities, I am reſolv'd to give the King an account of you, and employ my Intereſt with him, that you and your Son may have the Poſts you deſire.

Gent. Will you, by the Lord?—— Give me your Fiſt, Sir——the only honeſt Courtier that ever I met with in my Life.

Eſop. But, Sir, when I have done you this mighty piece of Service, I ſhall have a ſmall Requeſt to beg of you, which I hope you won't refuſe me.

Gent. What's that?

Eſop. Why 'tis in behalf of the two Officers who are to be diſplac'd to make room for you and your Son.

Gent. The Secretary and the General?

Eſop. The ſame. 'Tis pity they ſhould be quite out of buſineſs; I muſt therefore deſire you'll let me recommend one of 'em to you for your Bailiff, and t'other for your Huntſman.

Gent. My Bailiff and my Huntſman!—— Sir, that's not to be granted.

Eſop. Pray why!

Gent. Why?—— Becauſe one wou'd ruin my Land, and t'other wou'd ſpoil my Fox-Hounds.

Eſop. Why do you think ſo?

Gent. Why do I think ſo!—— Theſe Courtiers will ask the ſtrangeſt Queſtions——Why, Sir, do you think that Men bred up to the State or the Army, can underſtand the Buſineſs of Ploughing and Hunting?

Eſop. I did not know but they might.

Gent. How cou'd you think ſo?

Eſop. Becauſe I ſee Men bred up to Ploughing and Hunting, underſtand the Buſineſs of the State and the Army.

Gent. I'm ſhot——I ha'n't one word to ſay for my ſelf——I never was ſo caught in my Life.

Eſop. I perceive, Sir, by your Looks what I have ſaid has made ſome Impreſſion upon you, and would perhaps do more if you wou'd give it leave. [*Taking his Hand.*] Come, Sir, tho I am a Stranger to you, I can be your Friend; my Favour at Court does not hinder me from being a Lover of my Country. 'Tis my Nature, as well as Principles, to be pleas'd with the Proſperity of Mankind. I wiſh all things happy, and my ſtudy is to make them ſo.

The Diſtempers of the Government (which I own are great) have employ'd the ſtretch of my Underſtanding, and the deepeſt of my Thoughts, to penetrate the Cauſe, and to find out the Remedy. But alas! all the Product of my Study is this; That I find there is too near a Reſemblance between the Diſeaſes of the State and thoſe of the Body, for the moſt expert Miniſter to become a greater Maſter in one than the College is in t'other; And how far their Skill extends, you may ſee by this Lump upon my Back. Allowances in all Profeſſions there muſt be, ſince 'tis weak Man that is the weak Profeſſor. Believe, me, Senator, for I have ſeen the Proof on't; The longeſt Beard amongſt us is a Fool. Cou'd you but ſtand behind the Curtain, and there obſerve the ſecret Springs of State, you'd ſee in all the Good or Evil that attends it, ten Ounces of Chance for one Grain either of Wiſdom or Roguery.

You'd ſee, perhaps, a venerable Stateſman ſit faſt aſleep in a great downy Chair; whilſt in that ſoft Vacation of his Thought, blind Chance (or what at leaſt we blindly call ſo) ſhall ſo diſpoſe a thouſand ſecret Wheels, that when he awakes, he needs but write his Name, to publiſh to the World ſome bleſt Event, for which his Statue ſhall be rais'd in Braſs.

Perhaps a moment thence, you ſhall behold him torturing his Brain; his Thoughts all ſtretcht upon the Wrack for publick Service. The live-long Night, when all the World's at reſt, conſum'd in Care, and watching

for

for their Safety, when by a Whirlwind in his Fate, in ſpight of him ſome miſchief ſhall befall 'em, for which a furious Sentence ſtrait ſhall paſs, and they ſhall vote him to the Scaffold. Even thus uncertain are Rewards and Puniſhments; and even thus little do the People know, when 'tis the Stateſman merits one or t'other.

Gent. Now I do believe I am beginning to be a wiſe Man; for I never till now perceiv'd I was a Fool. But do you then really believe, Sir, our Men in Buſineſs do the beſt they can?

Eſop. Many of 'em do: Some perhaps do not. But this you may depend upon; he that is out of Buſineſs is the worſt Judge in the World of him that is in: Firſt, Becauſe he ſeldom knows any thing of the mattter: And, Secondly, becauſe he always deſires to get his Place.

Gent. And ſo, Sir, you turn the Tables upon the Plaintiff, and lay the Fool and Knave at his door.

Eſop. If I do him wrong, I'm ſorry for't. Let him examine himſelf, he'll find whether I do or not.

[*Exit* Eſop.

Gent. —— Examine! ——I think I have had enough of that already. There's nothing left, that I know of, but to give Sentence: And truly I think there's no great difficulty in that. A very pretty Fellow I am indeed! Here am I come bellowing and roaring 200 Miles poſt to find myſelf an Aſs; when with one quarter of an hour's Conſideration I might have made the ſelf-ſame Diſcovery, without going over my Threſhold. Well! if ever they ſend me on their Errand to reform the State again, I'll be damn'd. But this I'll do: I'll go home and reform my Family if I can: Them I'm ſure I know. There's my Father's a peeviſh old Coxcomb: There's my Uncle's a drunken old Sot: There's my Brother's a Cowardly Bully: Son *Numphs* is a Lubberly Whelp: I've a great ramping Daughter, that ſtares like a Heifer; and a Wife that's a flatternly Sow.

[*Exit.*

Enter a Young, Gay, Airy Beau; *who ſtands ſmiling contemptibly upon* Eſop.

Eſop. Well, Sir, what are you?

Beau.

Beau. A Fool.

Eſop. That's impoſſible; ——for if thou wer't, thou'dſt think thy ſelf a wiſe Man.

Beau. So I do——This is my own Opinion——the t'other's my Neighbours.

[*Walking airily about.*

Eſop *gazing after him.*] Have you any Buſineſs with me, Sir?

Beau. Sir, I have Buſineſs with no body, Pleaſure's my Study.

Eſop aſide.] An odd Fellow this!——Pray, Sir, who are you?

Beau. I can't tell——

Eſop. ——Do you know who I am?

Beau. No, Sir: I'm a Favourite at Court, and I neither know my ſelf, nor any body elſe.

Eſop. Are you in any Imployment?

Beau. Yes——

Eſop. What is't?

Beau. I don't know the Name on't.

Eſop. You know the Buſineſs on't, I hope?

Beau. That I do——the Buſineſs of it is——to——put in a Deputy, and receive the Money.

Eſop. ——Pray what may be your Name?

Beau. Empty.

Eſop. Where do you live?

Beau. In the Side-Box.

Eſop. What do you do there?

Beau. I ogle the Ladies.

Eſop. To what purpoſe?

Beau. To no purpoſe.

Eſop. Why then do you do it?

Beau. Becauſe they like it, and I like it.

Eſop. Wherein conſiſts the Pleaſure?

Beau. In playing the Fool.

Eſop. ——Pray Sir, what Age are you?

Beau. Five and twenty my Body; my Head's about fifteen.

Eſop. Is your Father living?

Beau. Dead, thank God.

Eſop.

Eſop. Has he been long ſo?

Beau. Poſitively yes.

Eſop. Where were you brought up?

Beau. At School.

Eſop. What School?

Beau. The School of *Venus.*

Eſop. Were you ever at the Univerſity?

Beau. Yes.

Eſop. What Study did you follow there?

Beau. My Bed-maker.

Eſop. How long did you ſtay?

Beau. Till I had loſt my Maidenhead.

Eſop. Why did you come away?

Beau. Becauſe I was expell'd.

Eſop. Where did you go then?

Beau. To Court.

Eſop. Who took care of your Education there?

Beau. A Whore and a Dancing-Maſter.

Eſop. What did you gain by them?

Beau. A *Minuet,* and the *Pox.*

Eſop. Have you an Eſtate?

Beau. I had.

Eſop. What's become on't?

Beau. Spent.

Eſop. In what?

Beau. In a Twelvemonth.

Eſop. But how?

Beau. Why, in Dreſſing, Drinking, Whoring, Claps, Dice and Scriveners. What do you think of me now, old Gentleman?

Eſop. Pray what do you think of yourſelf?

Beau. I don't think at all: I know how to beſtow my time better.

Eſop. Are you married?

Beau. No——have you ever a Daughter to beſtow upon me?

Eſop. She wou'd be well beſtow'd.

Beau. Why, I'm a ſtrong young Dog, you old Put you: ſhe may be worſe coupled——

Eſop.

Eſop. Have you then a mind to a Wife, Sir?

Beau. *Yaw, min Heer.*

Eſop. What wou'd you do with her?

Beau. Why, I'd take care of her Affairs, rid her of all her Troubles, her Maidenhead, and her Portion.

Eſop. And pray what ſort of Wife wou'd you be willing to throw yourſelf away upon?

Beau. Why, upon one that has Youth, Beauty, Quality, Virtue, Wit and Money.

Eſop. And how may you be qualified yourſelf, to back you in your Pretenſions to ſuch a one?

Beau. Why, I am qualified with——a Perriwig——a Snuff-box——a Feather——a——ſmooth Face——a Fool's Head——and a Patch.

Eſop. But one Queſtion more: What Settlements can you make?

Beau. Settlements!——Why, if ſhe be a very great Heireſs indeed, I believe I may ſettle——myſelf upon her for Life, and my Pox upon her Children for ever.

Eſop. 'Tis enough; you may expect I'll ſerve you, if it lies in my way. But I wou'd not have you rely too much upon your Succeſs, becauſe People ſometimes are miſtaken——

As for Example——

An Ape there was of nimble Parts,
A great Intruder into Hearts,
As brisk, and gay, and full of Air,
As you, or I, or any here;
Rich in his Dreſs, of ſplendid Shew,
And with an Head like any Beau:
Eternal Mirth was in his Face;
Where'er he went,
He was content,
So Fortune had but kindly ſent
Some Ladies——and a Looking-glaſs.
Encouragement they always gave him,
Encouragement to play the Fool;
For ſoon they found it was a Tool,

Wou'd

Wou'd hardly be ſo much in Love,
But that the mumbling of a Glove,
Or tearing of a Fan, wou'd ſave him.

Theſe Bounties he accepts as Proof
Of Feats done by his Wit and Youth;
He gives their Freedom gone for ever,
Concludes each Female Heart undone,
Except that very Happy One,
To which he'd pleaſe to do the Favour.
In ſhort, ſo ſmooth his matters went,
He gueſt, where'er his Thoughts were bent,
The Lady he muſt carry.
So put on a fine new Cravat,
He comb'd his Wig, he cock't his Hat,
And gave it out, he'd marry.
But here, alas! he found to's Coſt,
He had reckon'd long without his Hoſt:
For whereſoe'er he made the Attack,
Poor Pug with Shame was beaten back.

The firſt Fair She he had in Chace,
Was a young Cat, extremely rich,
Her Mother was a noted Witch;
So had the Daughter prov'd but Civil,
He had been related to the Devil.
But when he came
To urge his Flame,
She ſcratch'd him o'er the Face.

With that he went among the Bitches,
Such as had Beauty, Wit and Riches,
And ſwore Miſs Maulken, *to her Coſt,*
Shou'd quickly ſee what ſhe had loſt:
But the poor unlucky Swain
Miſs'd his Sheperdeſs again;
His Fate was to miſcarry.
It was his Deſtiny to find,
That Cats and Dogs are of a mind,
When Monkeys come to marry.

Beau. 'Tis very well; ——— 'Tis very well, old Spark; I ſay 'tis very well: Becauſe I han't a pair of plod Shoes, and a dirty Shirt, you think a Woman won't venture upon me for a Husband——Why now to ſhew you, old Father, how little you Philoſophers know of the Ladies——I'll tell you an Adventure of a Friend of mine.

A Band, a Bob-Wig, and a Feather,
Attack'd a Lady's Heart together,
The Band in a moſt Learned Plea,
Made up of deep Philoſophy,
Told her, if ſhe wou'd pleaſe to wed
A Reverend Beard, and take inſtead
Of vigorous Youth,
Old ſolemn Truth,
With Books and Morals into Bed,
How Happy ſhe wou'd be.

The Bob he talk'd of Management,
What wondrous Bleſſings Heaven ſent
On Care, and Pains, and Induſtry;
And truly he muſt be ſo free,
To own he thought your airy Beaux,
With powder'd Wigs and dancing ſhoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his Soul)
But prate, and talk, and play the Fool.

He ſaid 'twas Wealth *gave Joy and Mirth*
And that to be the deareſt Wife,
Of one who labour'd all his Life,
To make a Mine of Gold his own,
And not ſpend Six-pence *when he'd done,*
Was Heaven upon Earth.

When theſe two Blades had done, d'ye ſee,
The Feather (as it might be me)
Steps out, Sir, from behind the Skreen,
With ſuch an Air, and ſuch a Mien,

Look

Look you, old Gentleman, in ſhort,
He quickly ſpoil'd the Stateſman's ſport.

It prov'd ſuch Sun-ſhine Weather,
That you muſt know, at the firſt Beck
The Lady leapt about his Neck,
And off they went together.

To Eſop.] There's a Tale for your Tale, old Dad, and ſo——*Serviteur.* [*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt Volume.

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